JOHN BULL

Vol. III. No. 60 | SATURDAY, JULY 27th, 1907. | ONE PENNY.

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For meaning of this number

No. 115507

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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The PERFORMER

THE VOICE OF THE MUSIC HALLS.

THE ARTISTE'S OWN PAPER.

TRUTH IS STRANGER
THAN FICTION . .

KNOW THE ARTISTES
AS THEY ARE . .

By reading

The PERFORMER

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Vol. III. No. 60. Saturday, July 27th, 1907. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The Offices of JOHN BULL *have now been removed to* 4, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET, LONDON, *where, in future,* ALL COMMUNICATIONS *must be addressed, except in regard to advertisements.*

Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or business matters.

All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

All matter appearing in JOHN BULL, *unless otherwise signed, is editorial.*

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SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICE.

We are quite full up with short stories for some time to come, and it will save authors trouble if they will kindly refrain from submitting any further MSS at present.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT SCHEME FOR THE SELECTION OF TEN READERS TO DEVOTE ONE WEEK OF THEIR SPARE TIME IN PUSHING THE SALE OF "JOHN BULL."

£5 NOTES STILL WAITING FOR HOLDERS OF THE FOLLOWING NUMBERS UPON COVERS OF OUR ISSUE OF JUNE 15TH LAST:—

33,707	15,489
36,232	58,562
6,275	69,859
31,737	34,353
52,006	75,397

In answer to many enquiries we desire to say that the numerals 0 or 00 at the commencement of numbers may be disregarded by competitors in making their claims; thus 07654 or 007654 represents 7654.

The following are the drawn numbers for our issue of June 22nd:—

170,569	143,635
169,375	179,307
112,965	141,913
166,488	174,212
156,734	173,856

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL dated June 15th and June 22nd respectively bearing the above numbers, we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of FIVE POUNDS, in return for his using his best endeavours for one week to increase our circulation.

As we have already explained, the scheme is in no sense a lottery. We desire to increase our sales, and prefer to have canvassers who are already readers rather than strangers. Every reader can, without interference with present occupation, find ample opportunity in the course of a week of making our journal better known. He can distribute specimen copies (a supply of which we shall be happy to forward) amongst his friends and neighbours; he can interview newsagents and bookstall clerks; he can acquaint us of any difficulty he may experience in obtaining copies; he can show and discuss the paper in the train, the tram, the 'bus, the office, the workshop—and in a thousand other ways he can render us good service.

It will be observed that, owing to the misunderstanding as to reading the numbers, we have extended the time for claims in respect of our issue of June 15th, but all such claims, together with those in respect of the second list of numbers set out above, must reach us by Monday next, 29th instant.

We omitted to call attention last week to the fact that, in addition to the £5 payable to the holder of each of the numbers, Messrs. Curzon Bros., the well-known tailors, of 60 and 62, City Road, have promised to present to every winner one of their suits to measure, absolutely free of charge.

THE TEN NUMBERS TO BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK WILL RELATE TO OUR ISSUE OF JUNE 29TH.

THE TEN NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK'S COVER WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED AUGUST 31ST (PUBLISHED AUGUST 29TH).

In other words, an interval of five weeks elapses between the publication of each issue and the announcement of the successful numbers, the delay being necessary for trade purposes.

No correspondence can be entered into with regard to this Scheme, it being simplicity itself.

The decision of the Editor upon all points is absolutely final.

Drawings take place every Saturday. Any reader wishing to be present at such drawings will be notified of the time and place of same, provided he applies to us not later than first post on Thursdays.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

There is *naïveté* in the spectacle of the Prime Minister sending his supporters to the Upper House, to be replaced in the Commons by Socialists. All the same, the result of the Colne election emphasises the need of a second ballot, for whilst it is true that of the three candidates and the three parties before them the electors chose the Socialist, it is equally true that the elected member represents a minority of the voters. A second ballot would give the Liberal a majority of two thousand.

The Public Trustee scandal grows apace. Although the office has not yet been really established, not only has Mr. C. J. Stewart secured the berth, but the Treasury has actually fixed his salary—£2,000 a year, "without a pension"! We are disposed to agree with the *Daily Telegraph* that the office itself is not wanted—but we are certain that the proposed officer isn't. We commend the little parable with which these notes conclude.

Neither the dignity of the Bar nor the sincerity of Party politics is likely to be enhanced by certain features of the Lever libel case. Here was a plaintiff, who is a Liberal M.P., claiming damages against a strong Tory paper, and in order to vindicate himself against most serious charges he had to call in the services of two prominent Conservatives in Sir Edward Carson and Mr. F. E. Smith, whilst the defence of the *Daily Mail* was put into the hands of a Liberal member in Mr. Rufus Isaacs! Thus we had the spectacle of a bitter Tory attack upon a Tory paper, and a bitter Liberal attack upon a Liberal member.

In this connection we can tell a story, which, so far as we are aware, has never been told before. In the year 1892 certain proceedings were launched against an ex-Lord Mayor of London. They resulted in an indictment being preferred at the Old Bailey. Sir Edward Clarke was Solicitor-General at the time, and the proceedings were launched on his advice. Sir Charles Russell, then at the zenith of his fame at the Bar, was retained for the defence, and upon his application the trial was removed to the High Court. In making the application Russell commented severely upon the nature of the charges and protested against their being made the subject of a criminal prosecution. A year elapsed before the trial came on. In the meantime there had been a change of Government, and Sir Charles became Attorney-General. Thereupon he had to return his brief for the defence *and become the prosecutor*. But such is Bar etiquette—save the mark!—that before he could do so *he had to obtain a letter from his late client consenting to his taking the brief for the prosecution.* It only remains to be added that Sir Edward Clarke simultaneously changed over and became counsel for the defence, and in that capacity so successfully demolished the case upon which he had himself advised the prosecution that the indictment was kicked out of Court—the Judge holding that there was absolutely no evidence to go to the jury! Verily, the Bar is a great profession!

The very worst speech we have so far heard in this Parliament was that of Mr. Balfour's on the Vote of Censure. Mr. Asquith neatly and correctly described it as a "series of perorations." The only thing which saves Mr. Balfour upon such an occasion is the picturesqueness of his personality. But, with all his skill in the "business" of debate, it was palpably plain that he was speaking with his tongue in his cheek—and to no one was this more apparent than his immediate neighbour, Mr. Austen Chamberlain. Always a bit uncanny in expression, the face of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer—the devoted son and disciple of the man whose absence from the House is, at this juncture, a national calamity—wore a positively weird expression as his "leader" groped his way between the Scylla and Charybdis of No and Yes.

Apropos the recent grant of a pension to Sir F. C. Burnand, we would rather give two hundred a year in his old age to a man who has made people laugh than to one who has made them cry. Originally he was intended for the Church, and an uncle promised him a good living. However, he eventually managed to get a living "on his own." Not at the Bar, however, for he made a fearful hash of things there. We remember the case in which he had to defend the wife of a man charged, with him, for forgery. Besley was for the prosecution. Burnand didn't know what to do, so he scribbled a pencil note asking Besley to tell him. "Just get up and say 'Coercion by husband,'" wrote Besley; and he did. Russell Gurney, the Recorder, discharged her; but the lady was so angry at being separated from her loving husband that she took off her boot and threw it at Burnand. This was the only hit in that case, and he retired from the Bar, oppressed by the feeling that life is full of ingratitude.

Still there are many who will ask why Sir Francis Burnand should of all people be granted a pension. For thirty years he occupied a well-paid position. Mr. A'Beckett formerly, and Mr. Seaman of later years, did the actual editorial work of *Punch*, and Sir Francis had ample leisure to indulge in other forms of literary work. He was highly successful in his attempts to bowdlerise French plays for the English stage, and his royalties from this source must still be considerable. Yet he is treated as a distressed author.

Then—these people say—if an author's books appeal only to a limited public and he has laboured all his life for scanty remuneration, it may be right that Government should help him out of public money, but they object to assistance being given to people who have earned large incomes, and yet have not cared to make provision for their old age. An extravagant author deserves just as much consideration from the nation as an extravagant grocer. Suppose Mr. Hall Caine and Miss Corelli contrive to get rid of the huge sums publishers have lavished on them, in the name of commonsense would they have any right to appeal to the charity of their fellow taxpayers?

It seems to have become the fashion to talk of the "Eton and Harrow" match, but this is an innovation, and by no means correct. Anyone who takes the trouble to look at the older match-cards will see that they always gave it as "Harrow and Eton." Of course, we all remember the Etonian gibe on the subject: "You do not talk of 'The Players and Gentlemen.'" When this was trotted out in the *Times*, a Harrovian replied that, if the intention was to claim social superiority for Eton, the claim itself refuted the idea of Etonians being gentlemen, and now, after their recent display at Lord's, no one would dream of calling them players.

Some of the descriptive reports about this Harrow and Eton match, by the way, were amusing. A Mr. Gibbs, writing in the *Tribune*, says he saw Harrow boys in swallow-tail coats at Baker Street on their way to the match. As no Harrow boy ever wore a swallow-tail coat in the day-time outside his school, Mr. Gibbs must possess a very imaginative eye. And his ear is no more trustworthy, for he says he overheard two brothers, a Harrovian and an Etonian, congratulating each other on being members of their respective elevens; but there were no brothers playing in the match.

Lord Northcliffe really out-Northcliffed himself by printing distressful accounts of Ouida's penury and gushing appeals for charity on her behalf, simultaneously with her very proper telegram: "Absolutely forbid any mention of me." Not content with disobeying a lady's emphatic request for privacy, his Lordship actually printed the injunction he disregards. Where is our horse-whip?

Another piece of monstrous impertinence comes from a Yankee millionaire. In April of last year he travelled in a train with a beautiful English girl, and now it occurs to him to throw the handkerchief and advertise for her. So he calmly prints a full description, which includes her estimated weight, the name on her violin-case, etc. He has even hired detectives to track her out. "For obvious reasons," we are told, "the American millionaire is not anxious that his name should be made known at present," but he does not shrink from the effrontery of publishing what he fancies is the lady's name, though she is a perfect stranger to him. But perhaps the most naïvely impudent part of the whole business is his remark: "All this procedure makes me feel a little foolish, especially when I consider that perhaps after all *the girl may not be what I thought she was.*" Does the man really think that an English lady is absolutely certain to jump at his moneybags? We hope she may have a husband or brother who is capable of resenting such insolence.

The centenary of the death of Henry IX., "the last of the Stuarts," has prompted the Rome correspondent of the *Morning Post* to repeat two blunders, which have long been cherished by Hanoverian historians. "He lived very comfortably," we are told, "out of the *allowance* made him by George III." This is an echo of the old taunt that the last Stuart was a pensioner of the House of Hanover. But the English Crown owed the Stuarts a large sum in arrears of a Parliamentary grant, which had been made to Mary of Modena, the wife of James II. Even William of Orange promised to pay this, though, as usual, he failed to keep his word, and George III. acknowledged that his payments to Henry IX. were on account of the old debt, which must not be called an allowance. Again, the correspondent of the *Morning Post* alludes to the Stuart monument in St. Peter's at Rome as "erected in 1819 at the expense of George IV." But the monument was chiefly due to the munificence of Pius VII., and George IV. contributed only 50 guineas towards it.

In this connection we may mention a little known fact, which deserves to rank among the ironies of history. "Touching for the King's evil" (otherwise scrofula) was considered efficacious only when performed by the Stuarts, and not only did the Hanoverians never assume the power, but a brother of George III. actually visited Henry I. at Frascati to be cured of the disease. The which exhibits a touching faith, on the part of a Hanoverian prince, in the virtues of the old line.

The mischievous meddlers who style themselves the "Balkan Committee" realise that we were right about the snub they received from Sir Edward Grey. Indeed, they have met, like the three tailors of Tooley Street, and passed a bombastic resolution, recording their "profound disappointment," and asserting a number of silly fictions about Turkish responsibility for armed bands in Macedonia. But surely everyone knows by this time that the responsibility rests, in the first instance, with Bulgaria, which sends out the bands, and, secondly, with the great Powers, who could easily restrain Bulgaria if they chose.

The latest escapade of the Committee has been to publish a hideous black-bordered pamphlet, about the size of a postcard, containing gruesome "photos from Macedonia." We have "The Harvest: a Family Stabbed while at work"; "Killed and Mutilated "Corpses on the Hillside," and so forth. The compiler admits that "many of the recent murders have been due to the feud of Greece and Bulgaria; but," he contends, "the cynic's argument, that such people are not worth helping, is a shallow one. The real fact is that most of the outrages are actually organised by Turks." Now there is not a shadow of a tittle of evidence for this serious charge against the representatives of a friendly Power, and it is obviously to the interests of Turkey to repress disorders which are used as a pretext for interfering with her sovereign rights. We deprecate murder and massacre as much as anyone, but snuffling faddists like this precious Balkan Committee do more harm than good. Indeed, we hold them largely responsible for the present state of things.

Mr. Stead has a funny way of requiting hospitality. He was one of the egregious editors who ate their way through Germany a few weeks ago. Public bodies and private persons vied with one another to make his stay pleasant. Now, after a fiery Puritanical dissertation on the wickedness of living statuary, he exclaims in his ponderous publication, the *Review of Reviews*, "the worst living statuary ever exhibited is decency itself compared with the exhibition of erotic passion presented in the first act of 'Tannhäuser.' In the Venusberg half-dressed nymphs make violent love to amorous youths. . . . All this edifying display of nymphomania was acted to the life in the Prince Regent's Theatre at Munich one Sunday afternoon, in the full blaze of the limelight, for the delectation of the British editors." Now we have three questions to ask: (1) Does Stead know the meaning of the word nymphomania? (2) How does he know it was "acted to the life"? (3) How dare he break the sawbath? The poor body seems to see evil in everything wherever he goes. Honi soit qui mal y pense.

We read a pathetic case in a South Wales paper recently. A drunken woman starved and neglected her children, and as fast as her husband brought things into the house she pawned them in order to get drink. The Bench gave her three months' hard labour, and then proceeded to try her son, aged 12. He admitted that he had stolen a padlock and some keys belonging to a groom. No doubt the poor little fellow had been driven by the pangs of hunger to appropriate anything which he could turn into a few pence. And no doubt it was well not to send him to prison. But we think six strokes of the birch was an unnecessarily severe sentence. We are told that the lad's father came forward, crying bitterly, and asked that he should be birched instead of the boy. It is surely a great deal to expect a very strict code of honesty from a starving child of twelve.

Dr. Emil Reich has been talking nonsense in the *Express* about a "cockneyfication" which he appears to imagine is beginning to affect the upper classes. It would be easy to refute him by allowing him to make the acquaintance of a lady or a gentleman for ten minutes. But no one is likely to take the trouble to refute him. We are merely amused by one or two of his deductions from hasty premises. He asserts that "the less emotional a people becomes the more it talks from parts of the head instead of from the breast." This idea is very quickly disproved by the fact that the frivolous French talk from "parts of the head," while stolid Germans are guttural. He goes on to argue that Londoners, having no emotions, do not speak from the breast, where he imagines the letter "h" lives. If he had ever studied Londoners, he would know that they not only drop "h's" when they are at ease, but also drag them in unnecessarily when they want to appear

genteel. And Reich seems to know as little about the French as he does about the English, for he informs us, almost with an oath, that the best French is spoken in Paris, whereas Parisian is a worse desecration of French than Cockney is of English.

Our recent paragraph calling attention to the indelicate conditions under which children are at present ushered into the world has brought us many letters.

"Paterfamilies" writes:—"I am very glad to observe that you are taking up the question of the inadequate amount of clothing donned by children of tender years on their first appearance in public. I trust that you will shortly extend your new purity crusade to animals in country districts, and even in our towns. I am seriously hesitating about taking my family away from London this summer, so that they may not witness the unseemly behaviour of the poultry in the farmyards. Will you advocate legislation for the compulsory confinement of all roosters during the daytime; while such are the unbridled passions of even quite elderly hens that they should be obliged to wear *ceintures de chasteté*, like the spouses of the bold Crusaders, specimens of which English visitors to the *Musée de Cluny* in Paris insist on being shown. I would also bring to your notice the conduct of the ducks in St. James's Park. What does the Bishop of London think of their behaviour in broad daylight? It is time his lordship headed a deputation to the Commissioner for Works. In time, too, I hope to see stallions wearing bathing drawers, and the mares and cows clad in flannel petticoats. Donkeys could don pyjamas, whilst for pigs waterproof overalls would be, perhaps, suitable. Two little boys were lately sentenced to a week's imprisonment for being minus drawers when bathing. The sentence was too light—penal servitude would have been a better deterrent. Perhaps also the same operation as is, or used to be, applied to the choir boys at St. Peter's in Rome would have been a fitting punishment."

Nothing Mr. Gladstone can say, nothing he can do short of the thing he should, can alter the fact that, in the opinion of ninety-nine people out of every hundred, Edalji has not received a full measure of justice in a country which boasts the legal maxim that every wrong has its remedy. Again pressed on the matter, he said the other day that the House was not a Court of Appeal, "and it would be disastrous in the highest degree if it took upon itself to over-ride all the expert advice which has been called in to assist him and his predecessor in office." But it will be still more disastrous if men are to be unjustly sent into penal servitude for crimes they have not committed, and having been granted the King's pardon, also for the crimes they have not committed, are refused compensation for their physical and mental sufferings, and for the ruin of their professional lives. It is no secret that Edalji is a victim of the party system of Government. It is no secret that if Liberals voted as they desired, they would compel the Home Secretary to either do complete justice or resign; but that the *amour propre* of the Home Secretary may be preserved, that what he has said shall remain final and irrevocable, that he may be backed up in his Department, the wrong is allowed to go unredressed, and all protests are futile. *Fiat justitia, ruat Gladstone!*

There is now a prospect that the worst of the bad times are over at the Woolwich Arsenal. The Committee have reported that the machinery and conditions at the Arsenal can be used for the production of many articles not at present made there, so that it only remains for Mr. Haldane to set the wheels going as fast as possible in order to fill Woolwich with visible joy as of a jubilee. In this matter Woolwich owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., for the persistence with which he has supported its claims.

We have all ceased to attach importance to honours conferred upon people by the recommendations of Ministers; on the contrary, it would not be unfair to describe them as being often the discharge of financial obligations in politics. It will be a bad day for both the political parties when they have nothing to give away—it will mean the death of the party system. But no suspicion of any sort can attach to a knighthood which comes spontaneously from the Royal hand, and Cardiff's most popular Mayor and Citizen, Sir William Crossman, who lives as a working stonemason, in a £20 house, and makes no fuss about it, is to be congratulated upon the honour which His Majesty has conferred on him.

Here is a little parable:—

THE RICH MAN.

The Rich Man was making his will, and he groaned when he thought that after his death his trustees and their solicitors would buy themselves new motor-cars out of his estate.

Then an idea came to him, "Why not let the Public Trustee administer the estate—then at least it will be safe for my children."

So he hied to the office of the Public Trustee. But when he saw the great Stewart sitting there in state, the rich man went away sorrowful—for not only had he great possessions, but he had once bought Allsopp's for the rise.

So in despair he went and blued in all his wealth at Monte Carlo and died. And his children begged their bread in the streets just as if they had been ordinary shareholders in Allsopp's.

John Bull's Biscuits.

AWARD NO. 320.

For announcing the result of Mr. Lever's libel action, and in the same issue publishing a special article, entitled "The Fine Art of Telling the Truth: How Very Difficult It Really Is,"

THE *EVENING NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 321.

For attributing to the Right Hon. J. W. Mellor, K.C., the statement that "more prisoners were charged with suicide" in Somerset than in any other county,

THE *DAILY CHRONICLE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 322.

For stating that a large sum of money, which he admitted he had obtained by false pretences, had been spent in "Mission Work,"

MR. FREDERICK JAMES BLANDFORD BENNETT
(of Plymouth)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 323.

For stating that of "the Chinamen in and out of London during the year, 200 per cent. are opium smokers,"

THE EDITOR OF THE *GLASGOW EVENING NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 324.

For stating that the fact that he had seen some little girls playing a game in the course of which one of them had a piece of cardboard hung round her neck on which was written in bold characters the words "Blind Drunk," "showed the extent to which the drink evil had taken hold of the community,"

THE REV. F. W. NEWLAND
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 325.

For communicating to the Daily News, *as a new discovery with regard to mock auction sales, that he is "convinced that many of the goods produced at some of these auctions are not genuine remainders of stocks, but are manufactured for the purpose, and there are confederates in the room, to start the bidding and force up prices,"*

MR. HARRIS (of the "Auctioneer's Institute")
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

JOHN BULL'S ARMY FROM WITHIN.*

For several years past successive Secretaries of State have been tinkering at the Army. Mr. Brodrick was to give us one sort of Army, Mr. Arnold-Forster another, and now Mr. Haldane promises us one quite different from either of the others. The public take little notice of these various Army schemes, because they know that there is small likelihood of any one of them giving us the efficient Army we want. We spend a great deal more money than any other nation upon our Army, which remains less effective than that of some third-rate European States. Why is it? Some answer that question in one way, and some in another, but the official answer, whether it be from Tory or Liberal, has little relation to the real one. At the present time Lord Roberts and other military men are trying their hardest to persuade the country that it must consent to conscription. It cannot, they say, get an efficient and sufficient army without it. Why not? There is no difficulty in getting constables, or post-office men, or porters. Why should there be difficulty in getting soldiers if the life is the pleasant one that Lord Roberts and other warriors would have us believe? "I have been surprised and delighted to find," wrote Mr. Harold Cox, M.P., of all men in the world, not long ago, "what extremely good pay the private soldier now draws, and what a large amount of comfort he now enjoys. . . . . I have no hesitation in saying that the private soldier is now much better paid than men of corresponding capacity in civil life, and that he is in many ways better off even than a skilled artisan."

And yet every recruit costs roughly one sovereign to get. There are about 40,000 recruits brought in annually, and the cost of bringing them in is £37,000. But when they are got in they cannot be induced to stay. According to the figures of the Inspector-General of Recruiting, about 15 per cent. of them desert, and a considerable number of the remainder go to gaol. About 22,000 men in the Home Stations have experience of military prisons every year. The decent recruit is quickly disgusted with the life he has to lead, and the treatment he receives. Thousands of men are discharged for misconduct every year. In 1904 3,656 were so discharged. For years past the authorities have had the greatest difficulty in supplying sufficient drafts for India. As much as £15 has been paid to soldiers in India to get them to extend their service. Men suffering imprisonment in military prisons here in England have been released before the expiration of their sentences on condition that they would "volunteer" for some regiment in India. Truly a rotten state of things. And the reason of it is that the British Army remains a feudal army. It is an anachronism. Feudalism lingers in our civil life, more's the pity, but it is not much felt, or it would soon be swept away. The Army reeks with it. Under it tens of thousands of soldiers are arrested, tried by incompetent tribunals, and imprisoned for what under the civil law are not crimes at all. Thousands of the pick of the rank and file leave the Army at the earliest possible moment by reason of it. Every man degraded and injured by the service does his utmost to prevent other men enlisting, and so running the risk of exposure to the same degradation. That is the reason why it is so difficult to get good men for the Army, and still more difficult to keep them when got. Mr. Harold Cox, M.P., cannot understand why young men do not crowd to the recruiting offices; why only the physicaly and moraly unfit, as a rule, enlist; why they cost so much to get, and are so hard to keep when got. Here is the answer as given by the author of "John Bull's Army From Within":—

> "The soldier cannot insist upon a civil or even a military trial if his character is aspersed by those in authority. He has no remedy in the Law Courts whatever if he is deprived of pay. The State can break any contract it makes with him, and he must submit. His livelihood can be taken away with the stroke of a pen and without reason given. He can be censured by loss of pay and promotion without cause shown and without remedy. He can even be imprisoned and permanently degraded to the criminal level without redress and without the right which the meanest pauper possesses as a matter of course of appeal to the law of the land."

The author of "John Bull's Army From Within" is Mr. Robert Edmonston, ex-Sergeant of the 21st Hussars, and ex-Squadron Major of the 35th Imperial Yeomanry. Mr. Edmonston is a man with a grievance. He thinks he has been abominably treated by the heads of the Army, and apparently with reason. He has written his book in order to let his countrymen know what the Army means to the young man who joins it. Against Mr. Rudyard Kipling's imaginative description of "the lordliest life on earth." Mr. Edmonston puts the chilling reality, and he illustrates it by his own experience. We cannot go into the merits of the question at issue between him and the War Office, but we may say that the gist of his complaint is that he was put under arrest for alleged misconduct at a skirmish in the South African War; that he was kept under arrest for eight months without anything approaching proper trial; that he was then discharged, and from that day until this has never been able to secure the trial the Army Regulations are supposed to provide for, or to get compensation of any kind. So far as we can judge, upon the admitted facts of the case, the Army Regulations have been seriously violated by his prejudice, and yet he can get no redress. Quite possibly Mr. Edmonston is a difficult man to get on with—a bit of a sea-lawyer—but that does not deprive him of his rights, and there is ample testimony that he was a trustworthy and an excellent soldier.

Mr. Haldane is trying to get better men into the Army. How can he, a sensible man, expect to get them unless he makes life in the Army tolerable? Does he think men of intelligence and spirit, not driven there by crime, or desperate need, will join an Army where they have to do punishment, and pack drills, and cells, for the most trivial offences; where if a drop of water makes a dull place on your boots on going to parade, or there is the least scrap of dust in your rifle barrel, drill and parades are given unmercifully. And who are the men, the junior officers, who are the absolute judges of whether a man has offended or not? This is the answer of General Baden-Powell. Writing in the *Cavalry Journal*, he says:

> "They join the Army unable to make a *précis* or to write English precisely or even grammatically. Unaccustomed to read general information for themselves other than under the headings of the *Daily Mail*; unable to talk a foreign language sufficiently well to travel abroad; with no knowledge of sciences, such as elementary astronomy, hygiene, geology, electricity, and so on, which are of military value nowadays, and with no experience in accounting or book-keeping, map drawing, surveying, and so on, or other practical useful accomplishments."

Even less complimentary is the Commandant of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, who has stated publicly at the Royal United Service Institution that:

> "Cadets from public schools cannot use the pen, they cannot write, or compose, or think. They have neither judgment nor imagination; they are ignorant of history, and geography; in fact, they are quite unfit to follow military instructors in the simplest problems."

Yet two of these men may sentence a man to two years' imprisonment, and three of them, in certain emergencies, to death!

> "The Army is unpopular. Can anyone wonder at it. Go to the Wellington Barracks where the Guards are quartered. Twenty or thirty smart Guardsmen—"defaulters"—are receiving punishment drill. They are in full marching order. The drill sergeant—a big, capable looking man, is himself superintended by a slip of a beardless officer. The place is publicity itself. All the world may look on, if it will, without rebuke. . . . The men are kept the whole time on the quick march, the quick march so peculiar to the Guards. . . . By word of command the sergeant twists and turns his men at every four paces. Eventually the unhappy fellows get so confused that they make wrong turns. Whenever this happens you may hear loud, derisive laughter from many throats. . . . It comes from spectators, *e.g.*—impudent little street urchins, beery loafers, shop boys on errands with parcels, and—worst of all—smiling and scornful nursemaids. They are all enjoying what they know to be a substitute for the treadmill."

Does Mr. Haldane think this is the way to popularise the Army? But there is a deeper and sillier depth still, if that be possible. Many of our readers may never have heard of the "military police." They wear blue uniforms with red caps. They are "selected" men from different regiments:—

> "Any day you may see the "cat-foot" gentlemen strolling down Piccadilly, or meeting certain trains from military centres at Waterloo, Victoria, or Liverpool Street. So soon as they 'spot' a soldier they settle upon him with the greedy zeal of a 'blue bottle' on a piece of tainted beef. If the soldier on a hot day has a couple of buttons of his closely-fitting, ridiculous tunic unbuttoned he must button them up promptly by order of the "red cap" or it will be worse for him. Perhaps Tommy is walking with his mother, or his sister, or it is possible with somebody else's sister. Up saunters the 'red cap' with a swelling air and demands to see his 'pass.' What other body of grown-up men do you think would put up with such nonsense? What would happen if a police commissioner was to give the order that all policemen when off duty must wear uniform, and that other police would be detailed to parade the streets with the same object of compelling them to do so?"

This would happen—that it would soon be as difficult to induce likely lads to serve in the Constabulary as it is now to get them into the Army, or to keep them there once they know what life in the Army means for the private.

We commend "John Bull's Army from Within" to every thinking man in the country.

* "John Bull's Army from Within." London: Francis Griffiths, Maiden Lane, Strand, W.C.

IN THE CITY.

THE IMPERIAL ENGINEERING COMPANY, LIMITED.

The following paragraph appears in a daily paper:—

"Earl De La Warr states that he has refused all applications for leases for his Sussex Coal Fields, and that he intends to work his discovery privately."

Apparently Lord De La Warr thinks he has found valuable coal deposits on his property, and we hope that he has not only found coal, but coal of a good quality, and profitable to work. If that be so, we suggest to him that he should have some little regard to *noblesse oblige*, though perhaps in his case it is a little late in the day to begin to think of it. Anyway, it is never too late to mend, and there are some little debts which touch Lord De La Warr's honour, and which coal profits in Sussex would be very properly employed in liquidating. For example:—

At a meeting held at the Pelham Hotel, Sidley, on Friday, June 28 last, shareholders of the Imperial Engineering Co., Ltd., representing, roughly, 12,260 shares, passed a resolution to the effect that all documents in their possession relating to the sale of the assets of the aforementioned company to the Alpha Syndicate should be sent to G. L. Courthorpe, Esq., M.P. for the Division, requesting him to draw the attention of the Public Prosecutor to the same. The Imperial Engineering Co., we may observe, was registered at Guernsey four years ago with the nominal capital of one million sterling in £1 shares. The Alpha Syndicate was registered at Somerset House on September 30, 1905, with a nominal capital of £50. The directors were Lord De La Warr, Henry Pocock, Louis Ernst, and Undecimus Stratton. The Rotary Engine Co., Ltd., was registered at Somerset House on November 14, 1905, with a nominal capital of £200,000. The directors of this company were Lord De La Warr, Henry Pocock, and S. Williams, and it was formed to acquire the assets of the Imperial Engineering Co. In all these companies Lord De La Warr played a prominent part. The chairman of the meeting held at Sidley was Mr. Amos Skinner, a grocer of Catsfield, near Battle. Mr. Skinner has been the victim of the Imperial Engineering Co. It seems that he was asked to stand security for office furniture, and did so. When the persons who supplied the furniture could not get their money from those who ordered it, they came down upon the guarantor, Mr. Skinner, and sued him for £300. There was no getting over the guarantee and the liability attached to it. Mr. Skinner was not able to fully meet the obligations it brought upon him, and the result was disaster. His partner cleared him out of the grocery business, and now he is meditating upon the folly of becoming a guarantor of a joint stock company that has the privilege of an earl for its chairman. Mr. Skinner put the case before Lord D eLa Warr, asking him to find the money to pay this obligation of £300. The Earl would do nothing save refer him in a joking kind of way to another man who had been fool enough to put several hundreds of pounds into the worthless scrip of the Imperial Engineering Co., Ltd. That is why we hope that if Lord De La Warr finds paying coal in Sussex he will remember to relieve Mr. Amos Skinner.

It may be interesting to trace the history of this furniture a little farther. In course of time it came to the hammer, and was sold to a furniture dealer for £75. This £75, which might well have found its way into the pocket of Mr. Skinner, was paid over to Mr. Fredk. Marshall, sometime of Marshall and Marshall, of 42, Bloomsbury Square. Mr. F. Marshall was solicitor to the Alpha Syndicate, Ltd., until he became a bankrupt. He is still an undischarged bankrupt. About a year ago he was struck off the Rolls, and the marvel is that he escaped jail. The solicitors of the Rotary Engine Co., Ltd., were Messrs. Morris and Co., of the same address as that which aforetime was used by Mr. Fredk. Marshall, namely, 42a, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.

SPIERS AND POND, LTD.

THE DIRECTORS AND THEIR DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS.

We understand that the Committee of Investigation which recently reported upon the position of this company are still engaged upon a scheme of reorganisation. We invite their special attention to the conditions under which the advertisement department is worked, and we suggest that they should recommend the discontinuance of the system under which the directors are permitted to keep deposit accounts. There is no reason, so far as we can see, why the directors of Spiers and Pond should not keep deposit accounts with the company like other customers, but the rule, the very proper rule, of the outsiders who keep these accounts, is that they must keep them in credit, that is to say, that there must be monies in the hands of the company belonging to the depositors in excess of the orders. This is not observed so far as the directors are concerned. They are not required to keep their accounts in credit. Apparently there is no limit to the credit given to them, the one condition being that they settle up at the end of the year. But not only is the condition as to credit changed for the benefit of the directors; when these directors, who have taken twelve months' credit, come to pay their accounts they receive a discount, or rebate, of 15 per cent. We suggest to the Committee of Investigation that this is an indefensible rebate, and that it should be discontinued. In making this suggestion it must be clearly understood that we do not say, or insinuate, that the directors fail to pay their accounts at the end of the year. Our contention is simply that if they keep deposit accounts with the company they ought to keep them on the same terms as those which regulate deposits of outside customers, and that no rebate should be allowed.

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AUTOMOBILE CABS.

Just now, when efforts are being made to create market interest and induce public buying of the shares of established motor cab Companies, and several new propositions of the kind are on the stocks, the first annual report of the Automobile Cab is interesting and instructive. It will be remembered that when the prospectus of this Company appeared, the three chief points in the Company's favour were:—

(1) Sir J. T. Ritchie's acceptance of the chairmanship of the directors.
(2) A contract on favourable terms for the construction of the cabs.
(3) Expectation of dividends of 20 per cent. per annum.

The projected capital was £100,000, but only £25,331 was subscribed, and on this meagre amount the directors decided to go to allotment. Within a few months the contract for the cabs fell through, but still it was decided to go on, and fresh arrangements for their construction were entered into. Now the report appears, and instead of showing figures approaching the prospectus estimate, there is a net loss of £10,196 on a turnover of £18,461. Practically one-half of the Company's capital has disappeared, and the assets remaining consist of the cabs and £7,600 "preliminary expenses and underwriting." This result must be attributed directly to the initial mistakes of the directors in persisting in the venture on an absurdly small capital, and when the contracts upon which the whole proposition was based fell through. The board originally was:—Sir C. T. Ritchie, Mr. H. E. Wootten, Mr. B. H. Morgan, Mr. P. L. D. Perry, and Mr. S. A. Chambers. Of these gentlemen the first four have already retired rather than face the shareholders. Mr. Chambers, and Mr. G. C. Henty—who has been elected recently—will retire at the meeting next Monday, when the shareholders should demand a full, independent inquiry, in order to fix the responsibility on those who have deserted the sinking ship.

COBALT CONSOLIDATED.

We referred a few weeks ago to the remarkable methods by which the Canadian syndicate was endeavouring to dispose of the shares of the Canadian Consolidated Cobalt Company, offering to the public for cash at prices several shillings below the price at which they were being dealt in for "special settlement" on the Stock Exchange. The mystery is deepened by information which we have received from the other side, which indicates that the names of those given as associated with the Canada Consolidated there are being used without their authority. Sir Henry Pellett disclaims any responsibility for the Company, and the solicitors also object to their names being attached to the prospectus. Mr. H. S. Strathy and the Traders' Bank also send disclaimers. We shall be glad to hear what the Canadian syndicate has to say on these points, and also to have information as to the exact amount of money that the Canada Consolidated has subscribed, and the options it has acquired. We refrain from saying more in order to give an opportunity for this reply to be forthcoming.

NEW ISSUES.

A company has been formed to take over the business of G. Doeuillet, the Parisian costumiers, dressmakers, etc., with the

title of Doeuillet, Limited. The capital is £200,000, and the present issue is 127,500 ordinary shares of £1 each at par, entitled to a fixed cumulative dividend of 6 per cent., with participation in surplus profits. The profits have risen from £10,298 in 1902 to £33,593 last year, and the profits this year are estimated to be in excess of those for 1906. The purchase consideration is £90,000, payable as to £70,000 in cash and £20,000 in ordinary shares, the vendor having the right to subscribe at par for the 50,000 deferred shares of the company. The deferred shares are an objectionable feature. The business itself seems to be a prosperous one, but French concerns taken over by English companies are seldom destined to a very successful future notwithstanding Paquin, Limited, which is made the most of in the present prospectus. Of the six directors three are Frenchmen resident in Paris, but Mr. D. H. Evans is one of the English directors, and he knows his way about. We should have thought there were already plenty of French dressmaking concerns in London, but there may be room for another—more's the pity. The shares now offered, burdened as they are with founder's rights, do not seem to us very attractive.

The prospectus is advertised also of Selsey-on-Sea, Limited, a company formed for the purpose of acquiring and developing as a seaside resort an estate consisting of 2,478 acres north-east and east of the village of Selsey, Sussex. The capital is £180,000, and the present issue is 119,993 one-pound shares at par and 3,000 five per cent. mortgage debentures of £20 each at par. The purchase consideration is a mortgage for £29,860 and 60,000 fully paid shares. Selsey Bill is a tongue of land projecting into a shallow sea, and, though dreary and uninteresting, we daresay it is as healthy as the prospectus says it is. But surely it is putting its claims a little high to say that "as regards natural advantages" not Southend, or Blackpool, Clacton, or Colwyn Bay "can be compared" with it. The company is embarking on a very speculative enterprise.

The John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Ltd.

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" 3 " " " 6 " " "

" 6 " " " 7 " " "

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE MAJESTIC INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.—With reference to an answer that appeared in this column last week, the general manager of the Majestic Insurance Company, Ltd. (Mr. W. H. Hammond) has written to us to point out that it is capable of misconstruction. We should be sorry to do injustice to any company, and we certainly have no desire to suggest that the Majestic Insurance Company is conducted on other than responsible and safe lines. It is a young company, and that is what we had in mind in answering our correspondent, but although only established a year or two ago, it has made good progress since it commenced business, and its financial position is thoroughly sound. We hope that as years go on its business will continue to expand on sound and safe lines.

LONDON AND MANCHESTER INDUSTRIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—S. A. (West Ealing).—We think so.

CENTURY ASSURANCE COMPANY.—GWAENOS (Holyhead).—Yes. It was established in 1885 as the Sickness and Accident Assurance Association, Ltd., and the name changed to the above in 1901. Its authorised capital is £225,000; its subscribed capital is £180,000; and its paid up capital £20,000. The shares are £4 10s. each, with 10s. paid. The company is taking steps to increase its authorised capital to £900,000, and to engage in any kind of insurance business. At present it transacts ordinary life assurance business in addition to fire, burglary, sickness, and accident insurance.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—G. S. (Oldham).—We note that you have paid £125 13s. 4d. on two £500 bonds for which you would take £90.

COPPER SHARES.—D. B. (Old Kent Road).—Better not meddle with copper shares. They are much too speculative for you.

ASSOCIATED NEWSPAPERS.—H. B. (Herne Hill).—We should be content with the preference.

MINING SHARES.—E. B. (Marylebone).—We cannot advise you to put your money into any of the shares you name.

ENGLISH SEWING COTTON.—COTTON (Walthamstow).—There was never any good reason to believe that the dividend on the ordinary shares would be higher than that paid a year ago, namely, 8 per cent. No doubt the net profits available for distribution on the ordinary shares would have permitted of a much larger dividend, but the directors have wisely set aside much of the net profits towards strengthening the position of the company, and before any increase is made in the dividend distribution the reserve funds should be further considerably strengthened. The company deals with a very fluctuating commodity in cotton, and has had to face for some little time past a much enhanced price for its raw materials. You should hold your shares.

TWENTY GUINEA COMBINATIONS.—A. E. S. (Reigate).—The waste-paper basket is the place for it.

SHEBA GOLD MINING COMPANY.—W. H. A. (Liven).—No.

INSURANCE AND LOAN INVESTMENT COMPANY.—H. T. (Leigh).—The reasons you submit for not subscribing seem conclusive so far as you are concerned, and we advise you to act accordingly.

PEARL INSURANCE COMPANY.—W. R. S. (Bow).—The question you put to us should be addressed to the manager of the company, who would give you an authoritative reply.

SLIDE VALVE (Liverpool).—We do not care to accept the responsibility of recommending dealings with either firm.

RE-ISSUE OF SHARES.—A. W. (Woodside).—We could not give an opinion without having a much fuller statement of the facts.

ARNOLD AND BUTLER.—S. T. (Cardiff).—You must be a new reader, or you would know that we do not recommend dealings with this firm.

CALL OPTION.—BEN BUCHAN (Hull).—If you take our advice, you will have nothing to do with options of any sort.

PREMIUM BONDS.—A. J. C. (Sheffield).—We see no advantage in buying these bonds because in themselves they offer nothing in the way of advantage not to be got by investing in other securities, and we attach no importance to the bonus promises.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES SYNDICATE.—H. D. B. (Nottingham).—You can, of course, buy foreign bonds through these people, but you will pay very much more for them than you would if you went to some well-known institution like, say, the Credit Lyonnais. H. L. (Beckenham).—You want to know why we advise our readers not to buy bonds through these people. If you read this page you would have seen this question answered a score of times. We advise them not to buy through the Syndicate, because they can purchase from 20 to 30 per cent. cheaper through other agents. N. J. (Newbury).—The answer to your two questions is in the negative.

BRITISH ELECTRIC TRACTION.—INQUIRER (Camberwell).—(1) The answer is in the negative. The 6 per cent. preference shares are cumulative. (2) Usually the "mean" price, but the practice varies with different securities. (3) The term "Bucket shop" is a loose description of the business carried on by outside brokers when it is desired to convey the impression that they are of shady reputation. (4) We know nothing of the standing of the Birmingham firm you mention.

OUTSIDE BROKER.—CONSTANT READER (Glasgow).—We advise you to have nothing to do with the person you name. A very similar case to yours was tried in the City of London Court by Judge Rentoul not long ago, the plaintiff being a countryman of yours, who sought to recover £70 paid in respect of certain Hudson Bay shares, and £97 the profit arising from them. Mr. McNab (the gentleman in question) recovered £100—the extent of the court's jurisdiction—so far as the court's decree means recovery. Whether he has got the money is another matter. W. A. (Beamish).—Have nothing to do with these people. A. W. S. (Sheffield).—We do not care to take upon ourselves the responsibility of recommending dealings with any of the firms you name, although we know nothing against the last three.

CONTINENTAL BONDS.—W. S. (Malton).—The Credit Lyonnais, 4, Cockspur Street, would get them for you.

TWO MINING COMPANIES.—W. T.—You have omitted to send your address. The shares you name are not saleable.

"HOW TO SPECULATE."—J. S. (Shepherd's Bush).—Put the rubbish into the fire and keep your money in the Savings Bank.

VARIOUS SHARES.—MARGIN (Leeds).—They are all shares in sound companies excepting the first, and that may recover, but you would have done better to cut the loss. There may be early recovery, but it is just as likely that there will be some further shrinkage, though probably not much.

TRANSFER OF MORTGAGE.—C. O. (Forest Gate).—We fear we can be of no assistance to you in the matter.

ALLSOPP AND SON, LTD.—INQUIRER (Sunderland).—We are not aware of any alterations in the directorate with the exception of the retirement of Mr. Stewart from the chair. The present managing director has a high reputation, and we think there are fair chances of the company doing better now that it is under different control.

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.—C. C. (Stoke Newington).—The answer is in the negative.

LONDON SOUTHERN TRAMWAYS COMPANY.—ORDINARY SHAREHOLDER (Clapham Road).—Certainly; it is scandalous that it has been withheld so long.

THE LARDER CENTRAL GOLDFIELDS, LTD.—CANMINE (Warrington).—We strongly advise you to leave the shares of this company, and any other Canadian company that may put its wares before the public in similar fashion, to the people on the other side of the water.

ALASKA GOLD COMPANY.—J. M. (Dalston).—See our answer to Canmine, which suits your case equally well.

FOREIGN BONDS.—H. B. (Warwick Road).—We do not recommend our readers to buy these bonds.

PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY.—J. W. L. (Southport).—We do not see where your ground of complaint is. You say that you were induced to join the society on the representation of its agent that you would be allowed 70 per cent. of the money at the end of the first twelve months, but on applying for it you were told that you would have to find the other 30 per cent., which you could not do. Where is the grievance here? As to your abandoning the certificate upon which you have paid one year's subscription of £26 it seems to us that you would be foolish to do so if you have no stronger grounds of distrust than the one you have mentioned to us.

CLAIM FOR INSURANCE.—W. C. (Aldershot).—We have looked over your papers and return them under another cover. We regret we can be of no service to you. It is a complicated matter, and if the Britannic Insurance Company refuses to meet what you consider your just claim upon it we can only advise you to put the matter in the hands of a solicitor. We may, by the way, observe that when correspondents send us a batch of papers to examine and report upon—which we are always ready to do without making a charge of any kind—the least they can do is to send a stamped envelope to cover the return of the documents.

"FORTUNES AT YOUR FEET."—C. J. (Goodmayes).—We should have thought that the title alone would have been sufficient to warn a sensible man to have nothing to do with the concern. H. C. (Colne).—The previous answer applies to your question.

HOUSE PURCHASE.—R. E. H. (Cuckfield).—The company, whose prospectus you send us has been established some years, but it is not financially strong.

THE LIFE AND HEALTH ASSOCIATION, LTD.—H. L. T. (Manchester).—Nothing whatever.

CITY AND COUNTY HOUSE PURCHASE COMPANY.—E. G. O. (Holyhead).—The address is 166, Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

THE CO-OPERATIVE GRANITE QUARRIES, LTD.—W. H. H. (Merthyr Tydfil).—No.

LOAN OF £500.—W. J. R (East Croydon).—It all depends upon the security.

SALE OF PATENT.—C. J. T. (Pontnewynydd).—We know nothing about the firm you mention, but you must be extremely careful in dealing with agents in such a matter.

MEASURES BROS.—S. R. (Bath).—We think so. We know nothing about the other shares you name.

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AMONG THE LAWYERS.

COUNTY COURT CLERKS.

With reference to our remarks under this heading in our issue of July 13th, we have received the following letter, which speaks for itself. It will be remembered that the Prime Minister stated in the House of Commons that he did not know of any case in which the Treasury had helped a County Court clerk as it was asked to help Mr. Hunt. Mr. Hunt's late colleague and junior, Mr. T. Hardman, gives an instance in his own case, of which the Prime Minister was evidently ignorant. Apart from this, and upon the merits, we suggest to the Prime Minister that Mr. Hunt's is a case in which, as First Lord of the Treasury, he may well stretch a point. Over 80 years of age, Mr. Hunt would not be likely to want aid long, and long or short, surely a man who has been a servant of the State for 60 years, and has done his duty by it faithfully, should not, when health and strength have passed, be left to starve, or to exist upon the charity of relations.

Sir,—Referring to your article on the anomalous position of County Court Clerks may I venture to call your attention to the system of justice as meted out to these officials by the Treasury? I was for 20 years clerk at the Clerkenwell County Court. In 1895-6 my sight became too defective for me to continue my work, and leave of absence was granted to me and eventually a grant from the Royal Bounty and Special Service Fund. A comparison of the following table will show at a glance an anomaly unexplainable.

	Leave of Absence	Grant from Royal Bounty and Special Service Fund
T. Hardman, 20 years service	12 months	£75
C. G. Hunt, 60 years service	9 months	Any aid from this Fund absolutely refused.

I was junior to Mr. Hunt for 20 years, working beside him, and I can vouch for the fact that a more efficient and painstaking clerk could not exist. Mr. McKenna's letter is misleading in the extreme.

The clerks of the class to which Mr. Hunt belonged, namely, those engaged in Courts issuing 6,000 plaints a year, are engaged wholly in County Court work, and the Registrars declare on their honour that they have not been employed in any but County Court work; this declaration is appended to the clerks' receipts for their salaries. I trust you will take such an interest in the case that it will be impossible for the Treasury to continue their refusal to make a grant to Mr. Hunt and such a hardship as his ever occurring again.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
T. Hardman.

Eastcot, Northaw, Herts, July, 1907.

AT IT AGAIN!

Some days ago Mr. C. Price, one of the members for Edinburgh, sought to induce the House of Commons to alter the system under which the Income Tax payer in Scotland is compelled to pay the tax a good deal earlier than he is in England. We have in a previous issue directed attention to the unfair treatment of the Scottish taxpayer in this respect, but Mr. Price's suggestion received no support from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to whom the practice complained of seems a very excellent procedure, since it rakes in the tax quicker than in England, where at present the spirit of the law is respected. Far from Mr. Asquith giving the Scottish taxpayer the relief to which he is entitled, it is his hope to be able to put the English taxpayer on the same basis.

> "He trusted that by reforms, and effective administrative action, the Income Tax in England would be got in much earlier than it is at present. Scotland has led the way, and we hope it will continue to show the same promptitude. He would not like it to be supposed that the Scottish system was to be relaxed to bring it to the level of the comparatively imperfect system which prevailed in England. Everything was being done and would be done during the course of next year to bring about the assimilation so far as is possible of the systems existing in the two countries."

The present Government is badly served by some of its lawyer members. What with the Lord Chancellor picking out Tories for nearly every decent judicial appointment within his gift, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer taking the narrowest and hardest view of taxation procedure, Radical electors may well be excused if they fail to see much difference in some important matters between the last Government and the present one.

When Mr. Asquith talks glibly about making the English taxpayer pay up income tax months before it is due he forgets, or he does not choose to remember, that any such change in collection would be opposed to the spirit of the law of the land. The Income Tax used to be collected after the expiry of the period covered by it. Mr. Lowe, wanting to make up a deficiency, resorted to the plan of collecting it earlier, and so got in enough additional money to balance his budget. He made the tax payable "On or before January 1st," and when taken to task on the subject in Parliament said that though it was necessary to put the date in the Act, the tax would be collected in the last quarter of the financial year beginning with January 1st. And to emphasise this, any person who pays before January 1st is entitled to claim rebate at the rate of 2½ per cent. per annum. Technically, and that, we suppose, is enough for Mr. Asquith, the tax collector is justified in enforcing payment "on or before January 1st," but if he does so he acts in direct disregard of the solemn pledge of Mr. Asquith's predecessor, that, notwithstanding the words of the Act, the tax should not be collected before the last quarter of the financial year. Until now that pledge has been respected in England. It was long ago violated in Scotland, and instead of Mr. Asquith remedying the wrong in Scotland he seeks to extend it to England.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All legal questions submitted to the Editor must comply with the following rules:—

(1) Only one subject must be dealt with in each question, and only one side of the paper should be written on.

(2) Each question should be as short as possible and should not be in the form of a letter to John Bull, as the Editor, though delighted to receive the flattering remarks of his correspondents, has no time to wade through a lot of unnecessary matter before he arrives at the question on which an opinion is sought. Time is money.

(3) Each question should have a short heading giving the subject of the inquiry, followed by the nom de plume of the writer and the name of the place (in brackets) where he resides. For form see replies below.

(4) Anonymous questions will not be answered. Every question must have the name and address of the sender written on the back.

(5) Correspondents should keep exact copies of all the questions they send us in case we reply by reference to numbers.

Intestacy ("Anxious," Fratton).—You appear to have been misinformed at the Probate Office, and we should advise you to apply again by letter for a form for taking out letters of administration. Write to the Registrar, Probate Department, Somerset House, W.C., and he will tell you what to do. You can then send in the form to the Local Registry.

Unclean Premises (J. W., Barnsbury).—You have no right to leave the house for the reason stated. The occupier could have the place cleaned and freed from the vermin if he went the proper way about it. He should apply to the Common Lodging-House Department of the London County Council, and they will inform you how their officials clear these pests from houses under their control by means of the Swedish blow lamp.

Claim for Duty ("Mona," Holyhead).—The onus is on the person who receives a parcel to show that duty has been paid. You must either pay the duty or abandon the parcel.

Claim to Land ("Done Down," Birmingham).—If the land has been out of possession for so long a period, we doubt if you could substantiate a claim to it now, unless you could show that there had been fraud in dealing with it. As the solicitor took your money to inquire into it, he must render you an account. If you apply to him and get no satisfaction, you should write to the Incorporated Law Society, Chancery Lane, London, and lay the facts before them.

License (F. A. F., Woolstone).—A cycle is a carriage, and your pedlar's license would not enable you to trade by selling from a cycle, but we see no reason why you should not use such a vehicle to go from place to place, provided that you did not sell from it.

Assignment of Life Policy (A. J. T., Finchley).—You could do as you suggest, but in the event of your bankruptcy the whole transaction would be void.

Contract in Restraint of Trade (E. D. C., Worthing).—The late employer could go to the expense of applying for an injunction against you, but that would cost him more than it would be worth, especially as the courts do not encourage such applications. Your best course is to stay in your present employment and wait the result.

Right of Way ("Merton," Wimbledon).—Your neighbour does not appear to have any right of way, and you should prevent his using your land as, if you do not, you will allow him in course of time to acquire a right. Your deeds should show which is your fence, and if they do not, you can only settle the point by agreement with the owners of the adjoining houses.

Marriage and Divorce ("Rendezvous," B. H.).—You are clearly entitled to divorce and to damages against the co-respondent. You should lay the matter before a solicitor, and he would probably take it up for you. According to the present practice of the Courts you could not petition for a divorce *in forma pauperis*.

Agreement to Commit Illegal Act ("Ebury Street").—The consideration money could not be recovered in any case, as the contracts were both illegal and contrary to public policy.

Income Tax ("Son Jim," Canonbury).—You cannot now average your income, and you cannot deduct the payments you make to the societies you name.

Income Tax ("C. H. D.," Notts).—You might send in a claim for abatement, deducting the £200 on the ground that the payment of that sum was a condition of receiving the income. The surveyor would then assess the sister, and she could claim her abatement. You should point out that the sister is not part of the mother's family.

THE HURLY BURLY.

By THEODORE DAHLE.

XVII.—REICH, LOVELY WOMAN, AND BREAKFAST.

I thought Reich had gone away for ever, and did not intend to be heard of any more. I thought he had gone to Germany, or Austria, or Hungary, or Jerusalem, or Jericho, or somewhere; but here he is again, bobbing up as serenely as a penny jack-in-a-box, and probably collecting money from the congregation. He went out with Plato, and he's back again on toast. That is to say, he is on breakfast; which is much the same thing. We have had Reich on pretty nearly everything in the heavens above, and the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth. Now he is on food; and if this does not stop his mouth, I don't think anything else which remains in the world ever will.

What I want to know is this—do you and I know as much about food as Dr. Emil Reich, or don't we? "What is the English breakfast?" he demands to know, bobbing up as aforesaid at an exhibition of drink and victuals in London the other day; "it is an attempt to get rid of a man for the rest of the day."

And a good riddance, too, I take leave to think. Give me a good breakfast, and I do not care if it rains till lunch. If I were lecturing in the grand manner of Dr. Reich, I should say that breakfast was the corner stone of civilisation, the pillar of the people's hope, the centre of the world's desire. The woman who wants to keep a man docile and affectionate has to send him to the grindstone with an appetite appeased every morning, and she refrains at her peril. Dr. Reich may take it from me that the man who was regularly turned out of a morning without breakfast would not be found at home in time for supper. He would regret he had married and would look out for another lodging. On the other hand, if a woman feeds him early, she may expect him to call again for all the meals to follow. Man has his faults, but he is not without gratitude.

"I might tell you that in a morning," continues Dr. Reich, "no man can eat—unless artificially habituated to the custom—such breakfasts as are provided for him." The Lord only knows what he means by talking of artificial habit in connection with breakfast. Breakfast comes as natural to man, beast, and bird, as wearing their skin. If a man cannot eat the breakfast provided for him, it is either a shocking bad breakfast or he has a shocking bad liver, and should get it mended. With appetisers which can be bought for ninepence ha'penny, and are advertised as being worth a guinea a box, he has no excuse whatever for hoarding the ninepence ha'penny. Money should be no object to one who cannot come up to breakfast like the early bird to the unsuspecting worm, or, as our Shakespeare puts it, as valiant as the flea that dare eat it on the lip of a lion. The man who is not fit for breakfast is fit for nothing.

Dr. Reich goes on to say that English women "have introduced pies, cutlets, eggs and bacon, which the man cannot digest until four o'clock in the afternoon, so that they can be left free to go shopping and spend the money which the man cannot afford." This is an excellent example of that Reichian nonsense which makes copy for reporters, and gets a vogue as psychology in the drawing rooms of Smart Set hotels. Dr. Reich reminds me of the boy who rushed into his mother with the scream, "Mother! Mother! There's thousands of cats in our yard." "No, no, my child," rebuked the mother, "you should not exaggerate. You should have said our cat and another." Dr. Reich sees individual instances and calls them universal. Because he sees one man eating pie for breakfast he jumps to the conclusion that everybody eats pie for breakfast; but if he imagines that a good substantial breakfast of any sort given to any healthy Briton on this fair earth will ward off his yearning for more food till he has digested it at four o'clock in the afternoon, all that is to be said is that he has never seen a Briton at lunch. Give a Briton an hour and half-a-crown between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, and see what a comfort he is to himself. Take care of your appetite and your digestion will take care of itself.

And to say that women feed a man at breakfast so that they may spend his money in the afternoon shopping is merely silly. Moreover, it is a libel on one of the most beautiful and charming sexes I know, and I only know of one other. The average wife's allowance doesn't run to an excess of trimmings. She is a clever woman who can steal a hat out of a man's mouth, and good luck to her. She is entitled to State recognition by special medal. But if he catches her at it—well, he has his peculiar theories about domestic finance. So he will probably say unto himself, "If she does it once, shame on her; but if she does it twice—shame on me."

"What is your Number?" See page 1.

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AMONG THE MUMMERS.

The Trust and the Stage.

The Doe-eyed Daisies have gone to the Continent (unhappy Continent), Mr. Hunnable is a back-number, it is too hot to worry about politics, the big gooseberries are hardly ripe, dear soap is not a popular topic with newspaper proprietors for the moment; in fact, there is nothing at all doing—nothing, that is to say, that lends itself easily to startling the public for a ha'penny. In Fleet Street, as elsewhere, necessity knows no law, and precious little conscience; so that "The Theatrical Trust Danger," always an easy and safe card to play, has been revived. For some days the papers have been filled with imaginative pictures of the American octopus laying its ugly tentacles about the fair body of England's dramatic art: the beginning of the end of London managerial independence was foreseen by callow journalistic youth, or unscrupulous journalistic old age; Mr. George Edwardes, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Seymour Hicks, Mr. Charles Frohman, Mr. Frank Curzon, and Mr. Wm. Greet, whose names had been incontinently linked with a vague Yankee cable, were besought to reassure the trembling playgoer. They did so handsomely, before the original canard had been given enough time to soak in.

The Erlanger Scheme.

Not only that, but Mr. Elanger himself wired over the exact nature of his intentions, so far as he deems it advisable to reveal them at present. His proposed new development, he tells us, is "in no sense a merger of existing theatrical organisations: its purpose is to purchase theatrical realty throughout the world, and to conduct the houses on the American system. The principal object is to acquire big vaudeville (or variety) theatres, which will be carried on by the United States Amusement Company, and the legitimate houses acquired will be conducted in conjunction with theatrical 'syndicates'—the new corporation will be entirely separate." Of course, Mr. Erlanger is a very astute business man, and possibly his statement must be taken with the usual iced water. Still, what it seems to amount to is the organisation of a large "working arrangement" between existing variety interests, and, in a lesser degree, theatrical interests in America, in England, and on the Continent.

A Non-existent Danger.

America and the Continent may very well be left to look after themselves in this matter; so far as England is concerned we may possess our artistic souls in peace. Even in America the so-called "art of the theatre" has been helped rather than hindered through the expert control of a large part of the entertainment industry by the Theatrical Syndicate—despite the biassed cackle of a number of rival traders in the same line—whilst the credit and stability of amusement finance has been strengthened vastly to the general advantage of the members of the profession. The Syndicate has flourished in the United States, because it understood the art, or craft, or business of theatrical entertainment better than its rivals: that is all. I do not say that were a Syndicate monopoly possible it would be a good thing; but it is impossible. There is no cornering of a natural resource: anyone is free to build a theatre, the public is at liberty to stay away from the Syndicate houses if it does not like the shows provided, and the "profession" has only to organise itself as a body of employees to deal as effectively as may be needful with the Syndicate as a body of employers. In England the conditions differ materially: the personal equation counts for more in theatrical matters here. It would be their own fault if Messrs. Tree, Alexander, Wyndham, Edwardes, and our other leading managers allowed themselves to be superseded by a crowd of American commercial men, for our managers should know their market much better than these foreign speculators in amusement, as I believe they do. Mr. Charles Frohman, who works independently of the Syndicate over here, although he is a member of it for his Transatlantic purposes, has a force of able lieutenants on his side, and by dividing his eggs into many baskets he has done fairly well. But his London profits have been proportionately smaller than those of most of our individual actor-managers, and, although they have made many mistakes, they have been guilty of far fewer gross errors of judgment as to the public taste collectively than he as the Napoleon of the stage.

Provinces and Town.

Frankly, I believe the application of the methods of the Syndicate would improve our provincial entertainments, and if they be not applied within the next five years by our English managers, as I believe they will be, the Americans are pretty sure to try their hand. In London itself, the actor-manager, who can both act and manage, or can convince the public that he can act, and is willing to pay a good salary to a solid business manager, who trusts the playgoer to support a free market against any conceivable "ring," and who treats his patrons well—here such an actor-manager, I say, has nothing to fear from any American-made syndicate, or multitude of them. We have in the variety world already virtual control by two or three combinations; one more added to the number will not hurt the public, may possibly benefit them, and should not injure the investor in variety companies if the direction of the latter is shrewd and enterprising.

Problems of the Near Future.

The growth of both sides of the amusement business has been so phenomenal in the past twenty years all over the world, and especially here and in America, and its efficient and profitable conduct has become so largely a matter of scientific organisation, covering years ahead, that some sort of Theatrical Clearing House for the arrangement of dates, the exchange of actors and actresses, and the like, has for some time past seemed to me an inevitable feature of 20th century entertainment catering, whilst a Universal Booking Agency for variety artistes of established position is more than a remote possibility. But given a free and fearless Press, a wide-awake public, and a close union of artistes, there is no cause for terror at the machinations, real or fabled, of "a £20,000,000 Trust," Yankee, British, or Yid. No doubt, as a result of their recent victory in the New York Courts over Mr. Jerome, the State Attorney, some of the members of the Theatrical Syndicate are waxing fat, and feel inclined to kick a little higher, and in a larger area, than before. The sad experience of their old friend and new enemy, the Messrs. Shubert, should remind them, whilst there is yet time, that London is a bad place in which to kick high unless you know your way about better than the natives.

Church and Stage Bunkum.

It is not entirely the fault of the conscious enemies of the stage that the smugger part of the public insist on regarding a large section of actors and actresses as no better than they ought to be, and perhaps a little bit worse. I wonder how many plays written by actors or actresses, or by persons who have been actors or actresses I have seen, in which the seamy side of the stage *personnel* has been exposed unnecessarily and with something very like gusto. Again, a number of actors and actresses have bound themselves together with a number of artistically-minded curates and other reverend persons desirous of finding an excuse to go to a music hall occasionally, or to take tea openly with a pretty woman, in what is called "The Actors' Church Union." There may be a Journalists' Church Union, or a Barristers' Church Union, or a Doctors' Church Union, an M.P.'s Church Union, or a Constables' Church Union, but I have never heard of them. Why, then, an Actors' Church Union? Are we to infer that the profession is in special need of clerical guidance, or that the clergy are in special need of spiritual consolation from the profession? Anyway, the whole scheme must strike ordinary men as very grotesque and just a trifle snuffling. Probably at the bottom of it there lies some ludicrous idea of a mission in which Church and Stage are joining hands for the good of humanity. If so, I venture to say that this idea is rooted in a quite superfluous spirit of Pharisaism.

Our Pretty Jane.

I had wondered often as to the sex of the lady who writes for the *Morning Leader* under the signature of "Jane Douglas," and often in her eulogies of Mr. Watts-Dunton I had fancied I saw the glint of Miss Douglas' hair-pin; in a column article on Mr. Lewis Waller she positively displays her pretty ankle. I am quite sure now. "Is he not Lewis, the well-beloved? I fear he is not aware of the havoc which he works in every feminine heart"! shrieks Miss Jane Douglas. "It is tragic to reflect that the matinée maiden is breaking her heart upon tinsel and twaddle instead of upon velvet and bright iron." Why *will* they call Jane a Gibson Girl? Why, indeed; and they do say—but let them say. Cold baths can still be had cheaply at the various municipal depôts, and cooling drinks are really not so expensive if you go to the right shop.

Sharps and Flats.

Recently I dealt with the question of silly women and sharp theatrical agents. The following advertisement from a daily paper should interest both classes:

> London manager has Play, with printing, scenery and production, with great star part for a lady. Would entertain clever young Amateur with capital.

I have a very clear idea in my own mind as to how this London manager would "entertain" that clever young amateur with *her* capital.

P.

AFTER HUNNABLE.

By R. Martin.

(Since Mr. Hunnable left politics for the more serious sphere of the music-hall stage, it is rumoured that several other prominent politicians have resolved to imitate him.)

The programme of the Little Brit Music Hall, at Westminster (better known under its former proprietors as "The Imperial") is an unusually varied one this week. Certainly the show justifies its descriptive advertisement: "The Funniest House in London."

At the head of the programme we find that popular favourite Camp Bannerman, in his enthralling mystery, "The Vanishing Peers!" Three (dummy) peers are brought upon the stage. A screen is placed around them. Then Camp, in the most impressive manner, waves a wand, and commands them to be gone. When the screen is removed the peers are not to be seen. However, the trick failed, perhaps through insufficient rehearsal, on Monday night. Still, the audience took the will for the deed, and cheered the veteran performer to the echo. In a few touching words of acknowledgment, Camp said that he proposed to persevere with the trick. He was having more dummy peers made, and intended to practise till they would all vanish at the word of command.

Herb Gladstone, the Miraculous Impersonator, came next on the programme. A critic would be puzzled to say whether he excelled most in his representation of a Polish Jew, a French Anarchist, or an Italian musician. The audience called loudly for an impersonation of an Englishman, as an encore, and did not cease till the popular Herb explained that, owing to the lack of the necessary make-up, he was unable to comply with their request, but, instead, would appear as an Armenian assassin.

Ask With, the Comic Juggler, was received with thunders of applause. His latest trick is furiously funny. He invites an unsuspicious member of the audience on to the stage, and makes him empty all his pockets. Ask With, winking at the audience, takes charge of all the valuables, and then says, "Haven't you a five-shilling piece in your pocket?" When the answer comes, "No," Ask With requests the victim to return to his seat. Then he says again, "Are you sure that you haven't five shillings in your pocket?" Again the victim replies "No." Then Ask With convulses the audience by the exquisitely humorous retort, "Well, if you'll wait till next year you may find it."

The next item on the bill was "El Gin—the Chinese Magician," Although his number went up, for some reason he failed to appear, and his place was taken by a youthful performer, Winnie, the Boy from Manchester, in his miraculous Cabinet Trick. A Cabinet is placed before the audience; the Manchester Boy's hands and feet are bound, a sheet is thrown over him, and in less than no time he is discovered in the Cabinet. An unfortunate *contretemps* marred the performance last night. The Cabinet door would not open. The Manchester Boy explained that it was because some base rival had concealed himself inside and was holding it. The declaration of the youthful artist that he meant getting into that Cabinet if he had to break it into pieces was loudly cheered by the audience.

Johnnie Burns, the Handcuff King, created a great sensation by his latest trick. He invited all members of local governing bodies present to come on the stage and act as an investigation committee. Suddenly the dignitaries, who had placed themselves at the Handcuff King's disposal, found themselves all shackled together—a highly popular turn. It may be of interest to note that though Johnnie Burns was the leader of the movement for a ten pound maximum salary for music hall artistes, yet, to his intense disgust, the proprietors of the Little Brit insist on stuffing forty pounds into his pockets every treasury night.

A unique turn was given by Whiteley's pack of hounds—the first to be seen on any English stage. The discipline maintained amongst the pack was much admired. If a fault may be found with the turn, it is that the huntsman's language was perhaps a little too strong for the stage. Certain of the younger hounds were disposed to be restive when shouted at too much.

A word of praise must be given to Wallop, the Portsmouth Prodigy, for the enthralling performance he gives with his troupe of trained hares. It is sometimes alleged that animal trainers are cruel, but it is evident to the most careless observer that Wallop loves his hares better than anything else in the world. As a humorist in the audience observed, "He'd rather Wallop a farmer than a hare." A pleasant evening's entertainment was brought to a close by Hal Dane, the Champion Stump Speech Artist. As the audience crowded out of the hall after listening to Hal Dane's wit and wisdom for sixty-five minutes, there was universal agreement among his hearers that never were they in higher spirits when leaving a performance.

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The above record is no mere claptrap such as one is accustomed to read in three or four line advertisements stating that £3 may make £30, and such like possibilities. It is an absolute statement of fact, capable of corroborative proof. We do not state one thing and mean another. We do not say £850, or £1,685, or £2,850 may be made. We state clearly and definitely that these sums HAVE BEEN made, not in a year, but within a month—during the past three weeks, and we should not make such an emphatic assertion without affording every reader an opportunity of verifying it.

Here in the offices we have the originals of many hundreds of cheques from £1 to nearly £300 each, which have passed through our clients' bankers, and, furthermore, we have documentary evidence proving beyond the shadow of a doubt that such sums were made and paid on purely speculative accounts. Not one single penny which has been paid by us for postages, printing, stationery, wages, rent, or management expenses of any sort is included in the list of payment we forward to everyone who writes to us.

The enormous amount above stated has been paid to clients, who, with an exception here and there, acted solely upon the advice, given in a small 40 pp. booklet, entitled "The Science of Money-Making," supplemented by recommendations given in our weekly journal.

No charge is made for the Book or the Review. Both are even posted free. They are worth reading, for they have been the means of putting thousands of pounds into the pockets of people who never dreamed that it was possible to make money so easily. The book proves every statement it makes; it never asserts anything for which it cannot produce incontrovertible testimony. Get this book at once, and we will regularly send you the Review afterwards. You will find them both worth more than a whole library of books, if you value them solely from a money-getting point of view. Here is the address. Send at once whilst you are thinking about it. Pens and ink are handy; a halfpenny postcard with merely your name and address on it will be quite sufficient. Be sure and write to Room 142, Issue Department, The National Share Exchange, 22, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To His Majesty the King.

Sire,—I am delighted that you have paid another visit to Ireland, and that you took the Queen and Princess Victoria with you. Ireland has a big heart, if a somewhat erratic head; and perhaps if you made Dublin Castle a royal palace instead of an isolated centre of government, remote from the hopes and the aspirations, the demands and the necessities of the Irish people, and went to live there awhile, some of the more irreconcilable politicians would retire from business. They would have no work to do. On this occasion it is pleasant to know that no fool sought a cheap notoriety by hauling down the Union Jack. The Irish people are loyal to the backbone, my dear King, and they are not to be judged by rival political factions. You've done well to go to Ireland, and I hope the day is not far distant when you will go to open that Irish Parliament, so long promised and so long delayed, by which Pat will be able to manage his own affairs. If, after that, your Ministers will advise you to open similar Parliaments for Scotland and Wales, the crush at Westminster will be relieved, and each part of the Kingdom can get on with its own local business—debating and voting together at Westminster on Imperial questions. Long life and good health to your Majesty.

JOHN BULL.

To W. H. Lever, Esq., M.P

Dear Lever,—I congratulate you. You have the honour and the privilege of taking £50,000 from the *Daily Mail*, with costs, and winning the biggest damages ever awarded in a libel action. I, too, had my occasional joke at your expense; but it is now obvious that the *Mail's* campaign against you was conducted with unparalled unscrupulousness and unparalled irresponsibility. In the witness-box, in examination and cross-examination, you nailed down its fictions like a man; it hadn't the grit to call a peer, or an editor, or a reporter to justify or explain a single word it had written. I like a man who knows how to fight, and I abhor one who sneaks away. No doubt discretion is the better part of valour, but I fear Lord Northcliffe's shareholders won't appreciate the other part. Your own reputation as a business man and a man of integrity will now stand higher than ever. It will stand four square to every wind that blows.

JOHN BULL.

To the Twenty-One "Prize Girls" from Ohio (North America).

My Dear Young Savages,—I don't know (or care) where Ohio is, but it must be a strangely unsophisticated place, judging from the amazing ignorance you displayed to the interviewers of the Press day by day. Why you should be interviewed at all, I don't know, unless it be because Mark Twain has been interviewed. After all, it is not yet the Silly Season. No doubt some of our papers have a fellow-feeling for transpontine journalism, but there was nothing very wonderful in a newspaper sending you over here as an advertisement. The wonder was that Ohio kept you so long. And, as for the advertisement, why, some of our own papers give away large sums of other people's money in what they call "Limerick competitions." By all means, let Ohio have its competitions, too. But do not let us be expected to believe all these tall stories about apparently sane females, who think Birmingham "a beautiful city"; who mistake Derby for Sheffield; and who ask a bookstall boy for "chewing gum." No wonder he thought it was the name of some Transatlantic publication, and no wonder the policeman referred you to an oil-shop.

Bless you, my children, I don't a bit mind your coming, and I hope you enjoyed yourselves, but I do wish you would not be quite so superior, just because we don't happen to have lived in the backwoods. And please try to find a new adjective instead of that idiotic "lovely!" which you filter through your pretty noses whenever you are surprised or alarmed or delighted or perplexed. Come and see me next time.

JOHN BULL.

To Professor Martin, Berlin.

Sir,—I do not address you in your own tongue, because I prefer to speak to you in the plainest English. You have, it appears, just published a book which should secure you the unenviable reputation of champion "Jingo" of Europe. Patriotism is a very admirable quality, but blatant arrogance is not, and you seem unable to distinguish between them. You ask why the British are so intensely suspicious of Germany, and you surmise that it is because we recognise that Germany is bound to expand into a great world-power. Not a bit of it. The answer lies in the fact that Germany has the misfortune to contain you, and other rabid Jingoes like you. Do you expect any sane person to believe that within the next twenty or thirty years the German Empire will extend from Berlin to Bagdad; that the greater part of France will have been absorbed into it, Belgium annexed, and England successfully invaded? What are you a professor of? Not common sense, evidently. If you are a fair sample of an Imperial Councillor, much may be forgiven the Kaiser. Your frothings may possibly draw a few shrieks from our own Jingo press—a thing easy to achieve—but no one else will take you seriously.

JOHN BULL.

To the British Hen, Back Yard Run, United Kingdom.

Noble Bird,—I apologise. I have long thought, and I have sometimes said, that you were lazy, and lacking in enterprise. But the British Poultry Conference says you're all right. Says you'll work if you are put to it. Says that though I import two billion and a quarter of foreign eggs every year, you can lay the whole lot yourself—well, not that lot, but a better lot. Just to prove that the Conference has not over-estimated your capacity, do you mind proceeding to do it? It would look thoughtful, and prove you weren't neglecting your duties and clothing yourself in luxurious and idle fatness.

Tell me, my friend, what a British hen is for if not to lay eggs? What is her purport in the economy of things, otherwise? Wherefore assert yourself. Your honour, your dignity, your reputation, are all at stake, or, as a cheap jester would say, at bacon. What I want, what we all want, is less cackle and more eggs. Pray proceed; I'll be responsible for the wear and tear.

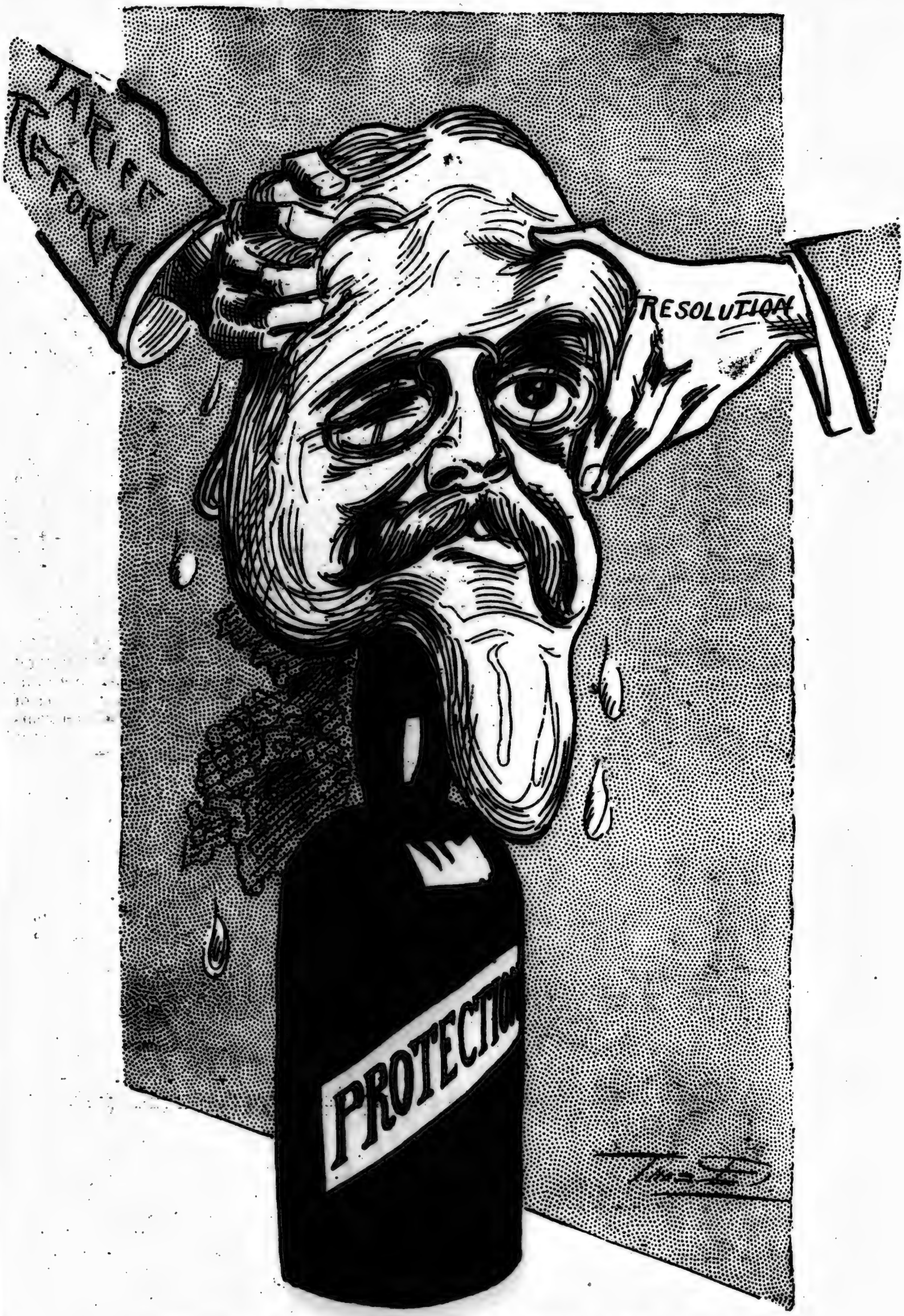
JOHN BULL.

To St. Swithin, Saints' Rest, Astral Plane.

My Dear Swith,—Glad you didn't shed any maudlin tears hereabouts on your day out. We have had all the wet we want for a long spell, and if you had started another deluge of forty days and forty nights, forty-three million people in this land would have cursed you instead of blessed you.

How are matters on high? Think we can reckon on a month or two of summer now? Surely we have earned 'em through the waters of tribulation. Had almost settled in my mind that I should have to adopt a swimming suit as my permanent wear. Now I have ventured out in a panama hat and a white waistcoat, and left my brelly at home, while Mrs. Bull has emerged, like Mrs. Fezziwig, "one substantial smile," in a peep-show blouse, a tremendous hat with feathers, and Parisian heels. Thanks awfully for what you haven't done. Been remembering you in my prayers ever since.

JOHN BULL.



GETTING THE JELLY FISH INTO THE BOTTLE.

BILL.

By F. W. Vennell.

We met at Aldershot. It was during the course of riding instruction. Having never previously been on a horse's back, I was a fit butt for the coarse wit and brutal sarcasm of the riding instructor.

Downhearted, depressed, and covered with bruises, I was slowly wending my way back to the tent, when I received a blow in the back, while a pleasant voice called out, "Cheer up, old boy! You didn't do so badly." I turned, and saw another man of my company, one whom I had seen go through the test with the ease and skill of a cowboy. "It is of no use," I replied: "they'll never make a horseman of me." "Don't you believe it," he responded. "All you have to do is to keep your knees and elbows in, with your heels out, and there you are!" He gave me further hints, which I followed to the best of my ability, and with such success that even the riding master complimented me on my improvement.

My acquaintance—Bill Grant we called him—was as fine a specimen of the English athlete as you would wish to find. We had both enlisted in the Yeomanry on the same day, and, for some reason or other, he seemed to take a fancy to me. We rapidly became fast friends, and our six weeks' training passed pleasantly enough. When at length we embarked at Southampton, we were looked upon as inseparables.

The journey to the Cape was also by no means unpleasant. True, we were packed like proverbial herrings; but what did that matter? We were a motley crowd. There were colliers from the north, and clerks from the city; mill hands from Lancashire, and farm hands from Devon. To pass the time away we organised a boxing tournament. Bill easily beat all his opponents, until the final round, when he had to meet a well-known boxer from South London. After a splendid encounter, Bill managed to obtain the verdict, and we all crowded round to congratulate him. He was already a general favourite.

Upon our arrival at the Cape we were delayed a few days owing to congestion on the line, but were eventually stowed away in a line of cattle trucks, and proceeded at a giddy twelve to twenty miles an hour. This was the worst part of the journey; but all things come to an end, and when at length we pulled up, a hundred miles or so south of Kimberley, and heard that our march was to commence at once, we received the information with cheers.

We were under orders to join Methuen's Column without delay, and had only been marching a day or two, when our Colonel received news that a large body of the enemy was rapidly advancing to take up a position on a small range of hills in order to intercept us. There was no time to lose—we must get there first. Delayed as we were by the transport and baggage, our chances of doing so were very small. Our Colonel decided that about a hundred of the best mounted of us must make a forced march and endeavour to hold the position until the main body arrived. To our great delight, Bill and I were both amongst the selected number.

We set off at once, and all that day trotted at a spanking pace under a glaring sun. We stopped for an hour or two during the night, and were again in the saddle before daybreak. When the sun rose and we were able to see more clearly, there, directly in our path, was the range of hills, whilst far away on the north-west horizon we could just perceive a dark spot which seemed to be moving steadily towards us.

The order to gallop was at once given, and we dashed forward. We were well within rifle range, and were beginning to think that our task of taking the position would be an easy one, when a volley suddenly burst from the nearest hill, and almost simultaneously the bullets were whistling amongst us. We halted for a moment whilst our officers consulted; then the order to charge was given, which order was received with loud cheers. With the utter madness only to be experienced in the unique circumstances of a cavalry onslaught, we rushed on. Shrieking with laughter at the most trivial remark, or when a man ducked as a bullet whistled past his head, we rapidly neared the foot of the hill. Our men began to fall rapidly.

Glancing round to see how my chum was going on, I could hardly believe my own eyes. What could be the meaning of that blanched face? Surely he had not been taken ill at such a moment! "Buck up, Bill!" I yelled, but he did not seem to hear me. With staring eyes and palsied hands he seemed in imminent danger of falling from his horse. What could be the cause? Surely Bill, the smartest man in the regiment, was not funking? We just then reached the foot of the hill. Hastily dismounting, and leaving our horses in charge of a few of our number, amongst whom Bill was included, we started to storm the hill. Foot by foot we scrambled up, taking shelter under every rock, and running from cover to cover. The Boers gave way before us, but stubbornly fought every inch. At length we reached the crest, and they broke and fled. Reaching their horses, they mounted and galloped at full speed towards their main body, which we had previously observed, and which was now plainly in sight.

Fatigued though we were, and sadly weakened in numbers, not a moment's rest could we take. Trenches must be dug and the wounded attended to. We had barely started our task, when a shell hurtled screeching through the air, but fell short, raising clouds of sand and dirt. Soon after, under cover of their artillery, the main body of riflemen advanced. Shells continued to cleave the air, but the aim was bad. Most of them fell short, and one or two passed clean over us. One in particular fell amongst our horses, killing a number, and causing several to stampede. Still we fought on; time after time their riflemen advanced, but each time we drove them back. All day long the battle raged, and we were beginning to lose heart, when a cheer from the top of the hill told us that help was approaching. The enemy must have heard it, too, for they rapidly fell back, and were soon in full retreat. To give chase was out of the question; several men were falling asleep in the trenches, and all the horses were thoroughly exhausted.

Upon the arrival of our regiment the Colonel congratulated us on our work. Then came the sad task of calling the roll. The dead and wounded were brought in, and all were accounted for save Bill. One of the men in charge of the horses stated that when the shell fell amongst them Bill seemed to go mad with fear, but he could pay no attention to him, as he had sufficient to do to look after the horses. Another said that he had seen Bill riding madly off, as he thought, to try and turn back the horses that stampeded. Night fell, but Bill did not return. For two or three days we rested, and on the third day our scouts brought in a prisoner. It was Bill. There was no excuse for him; mad with fright, he had galloped straight back in the direction from which we had come, then, fearing to fall in with the regiment, he had turned to the east and lost his way. After wandering about for two days without food or water, he had fallen in with the party of scouts which had brought him back. When he had sufficiently recovered he was tried by court martial for cowardice and for being a deserter, and was sentenced to be shot.

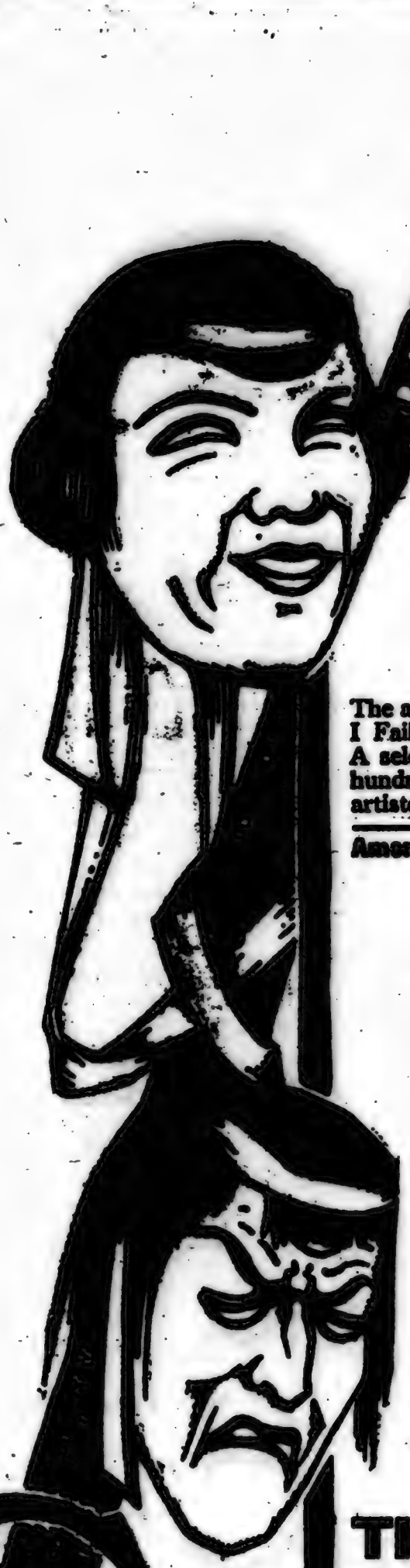
On the day previous to his execution he sent for me. I was surprised to see him looking so much like his old self. He was almost cheerful, but seemed as if he wanted to confide something to me. "Well, Jack," he said, "you never expected to see me in this mess, did you? I don't know how it was," he continued, "my nerve just seemed to give way, that's all; but still, I don't think I should do it again." Then he told me why he had sent for me. He had always been a bit of a ne'er-do-well, and, having got into trouble, had enlisted under an assumed name. Handing me a packet, he said, "You see the name and address; do me the favour of sending it to my poor old mother, but don't——" "All right, old man," I broke in, divining his thoughts, "I'll see that she doesn't know the—— Truth," I was going to say, but the word seemed to choke me. With this assurance he brightened up again, and began to talk of his fate as the only release from the disgrace he had brought upon himself. I listened in silence; something in my throat, and the consciousness that a tear was trickling down my cheek, prevented me from speaking; then, with a grip of the hand and a husky good-bye, I left him.

The next morning a firing party, with Bill between them, slowly marched to the outskirts of the camp. A volley then broke the stillness of the air, and I knew that I had lost my best friend.

* * * * * * *

In a little village in the heart of Devonshire, a broken-hearted mother mourns the loss of her only son. The neighbours are very kind to her, and cheer her as best they can, for they knew the young scapegrace, and loved him. When a visitor calls, her sweet sad face glows with pride as she relates how her gallant son died a hero's death, and to prove her story she produces the note I had written stating how her son, alone and helpless, was taken by an overwhelming number, and mercilessly shot whilst facing bravely his assailants.

Was I justified in saying so? Every word of the statement was true. Still, there is no denying the fact that I purposely misled her, and my conscience therefore sometimes troubles me. Still, if all we are told is true, and we are at some future time each called upon to account for his misdeeds, I often wonder if the lie I told poor Bill's mother will weigh very heavily in the balance against me! Somehow, I do not think it will.



STAGELAND *and its morals*

The article in a recent issue of the *Grand Magazine*, "Why I Failed on the Stage," has aroused a spirited controversy. A selection of a dozen or so has been made out of many hundreds of opinions, expressed by leading papers and artistes, leaving readers free to draw their own conclusions.

Among the many Articles in the AUGUST issue are:—

New Worlds for Old.
By H. G. WELLS,

Motors of the Future.
By S. F. EDGE.

The Necropolis of the Daily Newspaper.
By MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

Cornish Wit and Humour.

Stockbrokers at Play.
By ROLAND BELFORT.

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JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

With the arrival of summer the hearts of the majority of women are inclined in the direction of holidays. Those who lack means or the opportunity of going away are doubtless envying their more fortunate sisters, forgetful of the fact that once a holiday is determined upon, one is in for troubles innumerable. It has been declared, on good authority, that every rose has its thorn. The particular flower of holiday-making, as it is understood in England, is one of the most prickly blossoms imaginable. The first question that arises is where to go; although the coast is fringed with resorts of every possible complexion, choice is by no means easy. The difficulty of getting accommodation, suitability of local climate, how much or how little adornment to take, and, most important for womenfolk, the question of submitting our personal predilections to the wise decisions (or whim) of our masculine relations. Should the momentous decision rest with us, the temporary importance thereby obtained is dearly purchased. Should anything go amiss (and in the most capably organised expeditions what will not?) we are blamed if not with downright censure, with reproachful looks which are often infinitely more eloquent than words.

Further Disadvantages.

The holidayless can further take heart from the ills that wait so sedulously on those who seek change at the average British watering-place. Incompetent and avaricious landladies, extortionate hotel-keepers, and local tradesmen, seaside amusements, in fact, all the miscellaneous tribe who barter on the chance visitor, possess considerable facilities for marring the most promising holiday.

Gregarious Pleasure Seekers.

There are numerous women whose nerves are sadly jarred by the events of their past twelve months' work who would much prefer to seek the quietude of the country to the noise and inevitable entertainments of the fashionable seaside resorts. Whether or no it is a rudiment of the tribal instinct, or an instinct of more remote days when our progenitors were never happy unless in the company of their species, we seem to delight to take our pleasure in droves. Often when chance or necessity has taken one to the perspiring, crowded fronts of fashionable watering-places, with all their jangling disquiet, I have thought that were I compelled to endure its attractions for a few days at a stretch, I should need a further holiday to recover from its effects. It takes all sorts to make a world, and for those like myself who prefer peace to promenades, there are countless inland and west country seaside villages where the most restful holiday which the heart of woman can desire is to be obtained. Many, who would otherwise seek these places, shy at the cost; in reality, once the railway fare is paid, living and lodging is so cheap in these out-of-the-way places, where landladies know not the meaning of the word "extras," that in the long run, the quiet holiday will be found to be much cheaper than the one spent in the fashionable resort.

The Fortunate Holiday Maker.

Absurd as it may seem, upon the face of it, the girl most to be envied when going on a holiday is not the girl with unlimited time, money and friends, but the poor, tired worker who has denied herself all the year round to save up enough to take her away on a much-needed change. She may lodge for a week in cheap, uncleanly apartments, her frocks may be shabby, her little shoes down at heel, but she does enjoy every moment of her holiday with a savour unknown to those whose life is all play.

Nature's Limitations.

The war-dogs I spoke of last week are winning fresh favours. The Sultan of Turkey has received Major Richardson, the originator of the idea, and after witnessing a practical demonstration of the clever animals' prowess, has purchased a couple for his own kennels, and doubtless, in due time, a number of tiny war-puppies will be learning to bark in Turkish.

This is a reasonable supposition, unlike that of the self-made American millionaire, who, as a member of the Town Council, was taking part in a debate as to whether it was desirable to import a dozen Venetian gondolas to ornament the lake in the local park. Said Mr. Millionaire, rising in his seat, "Certainly, let us have the gondolas, if they will add to the attractiveness of our city—but why go to the unnecessary expense of bringing over a dozen. Let us import a couple, and leave the rest to Nature."

THE SLAVERY OF MOTHERHOOD.

What weird statements do find their way into print, to be read, marked and learned. I have seen it solemnly deplored that in France a league is to be formed to organise a strike against "the slavery of Motherhood." The responsibility of this nation-devastating strike is duly placed on the shoulders of "women's rights" women. Now, frankly, I don't believe one word of that legend—not at least in the sense that is implied as reported. Truly, Motherhood is verily slavery when it is carried to extremes, but to state that any body of women bent on maintaining the rights of their sex will include the total deprivation of the gratification of the maternal instinct as one of those rights, bears falsehood on its face. Indeed, an absolutely opposite view regarding every adult woman's "right to motherhood" is held by many advanced women thinkers.

In any case, why a league? Are the members to be bound by vows, with the knowledge that the breaking thereof will result in the culprit being hanged, drawn and quartered, then buried where seven cross-roads meet, with a stake through her chest, like a secret-telling Freemason? France already is a land of small families, much to the benefit of the individual children, at all events. The lower middle-class woman is so often her husband's helpmeet in his business that it would be cruel and impossible to expect her to also bear and rear eight or ten babies. In the higher walks of life, and likewise amongst the peasant proprietors, that decree in the code Napoleon which ordains that whatever property a father leaves shall be divided equally among all his children, certainly conduces to the limitation of families. We know how often an English propertied gentleman chooses to keep his estate and fortune intact, and thus make his eldest son heir to all, leaving the younger ones to shift for themselves. The fact of this method being illegal over the Channel obviously makes small families desirable; otherwise, in a very few generations, each inheritance would scarcely afford its owner full length burial room. No; France, above all others, is not the land wherein a league of this description is most necessary.

SOMETHING NEW FOR BAZAARS.

Several of the girls who took part in the Oxford Pageant were providing for themselves most charming souvenirs of the occasion. At the completion of the final performance those clad as Puritan maidens, having the very deep linen collars—practically shoulder capes—that is part of that demure "get up," went around persuading various interesting people to sign their autographs on the linen. "It will all come out as soon as it goes to the wash-tub," said one man, as he obediently wrote his name. "Oh, no," retorted the ingenious damsel, "I'm going to embroider over every letter, so that it will last for ever."

Here's a splendid hint for a bazaar. It is often difficult to think of something original and sure to sell, but pin-cushions, table-centres or afternoon teacloths decorated in such a manner, whereon well-known and interesting men and women had been persuaded to sign their names—why, you really might make something worthy to be raffled for. Celebrities are generally very good-natured, and if the material was sent to them with a sufficiently prettily-worded request, they would probably write their names on it willingly enough.

Novelists, your own particular Member of Parliament, popular preachers, actors and actresses—all would be fish for such a net. Each corner of a teacloth might be devoted to the names of the members of one profession, or they could be arranged to run right round the border, and the varying ways in which each signer had attained celebrity might be indicated by choosing a separate colour for each class—as scarlet for soldier, blue for the art world, pink for literature, and so on. The names should all be signed in a good large hand, or the embroidering becomes very fine and difficult to execute.

DEAKIN: A SONNET.

Loquacious Deakin, who alone has stalked
Through twice two hundred pages of the Blue!
Was no one at the Conference but you?
Or was it that the rest were badly baulked?
We pity you for much. You must have talked
Continuous tedious hours. And is it true
That all the other Premiers withdrew,
Vanquished by such a gaseous flask uncorked?
A rumour, too, gains credence that your tongue
Was such a blatant martyr that you seek
A balm for laryngitis—so it rung.
What! is your strongest weapon, then, so weak?
These saddening times have proved you very young.
Pray heal this itching prurience to speak!

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OUR JUDGES.

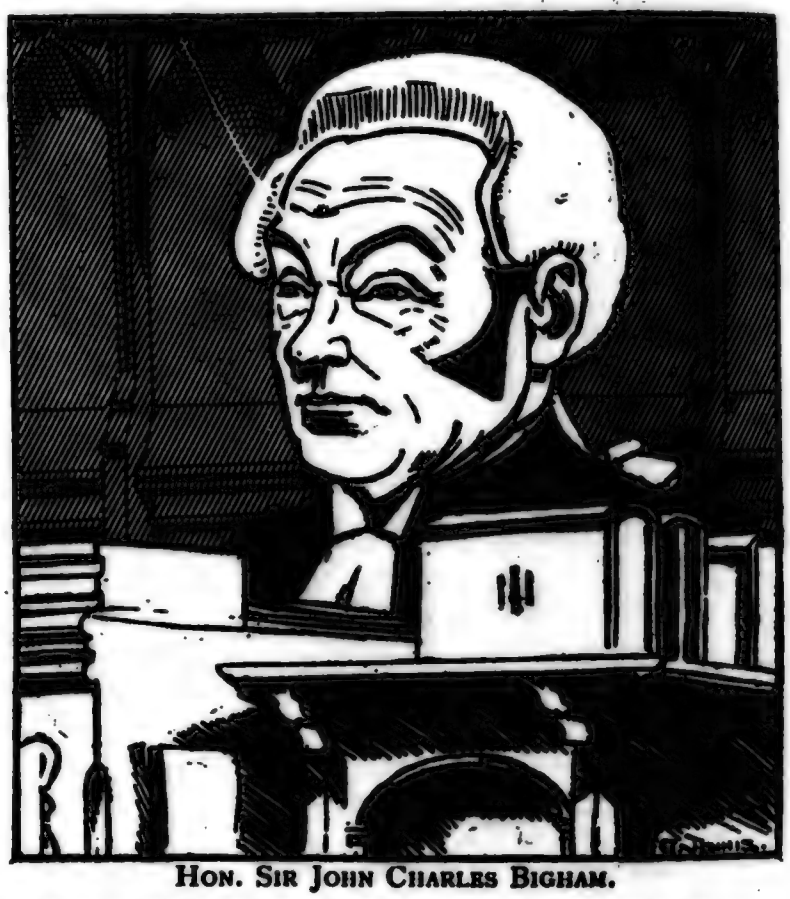
By A Barrister-at-Law.

No. V.—MR. JUSTICE BIGHAM.

A clear-headed, strong man, a sound lawyer, a just judge, but with a somewhat cynical and sarcastic demeanour which is occasionally disconcerting. Such is Mr. Justice Bigham, one of the abler members of the High Court Bench.

The future Judge was born in Liverpool in 1840, his father being a merchant, John Bigham. He was educated first in his native city at the Royal Institution, and subsequently completed his scholastic training at Berlin and Paris. Having decided to adopt a mercantile career, he did not graduate at an English University, but he became thoroughly equipped for the career either of a cotton broker, a merchant, or a shipper in the great seaport of Liverpool. After, however, spending a few years in business there, he determined to try his fortune at the Bar, and entered as a student at the Middle Temple, being called to the Degree of Barrister-at-Law by the Benchers in 1870.

Mr. Bigham read in Chambers with Lord Russell of Killowen, then Mr. Charles Russell, and leading Junior on the Northern Circuit. Here he learned many valuable lessons both in law and advocacy, by which he profited when briefs began to be entrusted to him by



Hon. Sir John Charles Bigham.

solicitors, who are always shy and distrustful of new men, however able they may be. Mr. Bigham, the same year in which he was "called" married Georgina, a daughter of John Rogers, of Liverpool. Practice soon came to him, his great knowledge of business and commercial life being of immense value in commercial cases, which form the bulk of the *nisi prius* work on the Northern Circuit. His knowledge of law relating to shipping and assurance was augmented by the labours necessary in editing a leading text-book on that subject. His practice so increased that he became a Queen's Counsel in 1883, and in 1886 was elected a Bencher of his Inn. Then came aspirations to the Judicial Bench. Like the late Lord Esher, Mr. Bigham, Q.C., determined to become a Judge of the High Court, and he accordingly travelled along the pathway which leads so many lawyers to judicial power and emolument—that of membership of the House of Commons. In 1885 he contested the East Toxteth Division of Liverpool unsuccessfully, and in 1892 he unsuccessfully contested the Exchange Division of his native city in the Tory interest, but although he lost these elections he did not lose either heart or hope, and his patience and industry were rewarded by success in 1895, when he sat for two years in the Parliament led by Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons. While in the House he was appointed a member of the Committee which investigated, up to a certain point, the Jameson Raid. Like most lawyers in the House of Commons he did not shine there either as a legislator or as a debater, and his Parliamentary career was ended in 1897 by his appointment to a vacancy on the Bench, when he received the usual honour

of knighthood, and commenced his judicial duties with that acumen which has distinguished him throughout his successful career. Sir John Bigham during his ten years on the Bench has justified his selection, and he is regarded by the members of the Bar as a careful, competent, and a safe Judge. He does not suffer fools gladly. His quiet tones and caustic words effectively destroy any forensic conceit or showy pretence, and shatter any superstructure of ignorance or falsehood, however laboriously erected by witness or advocate. This keen incisiveness and impatience of anything apparently irrevelant, however, sometimes is unfortunate and harsh to able men whom he may not happen to know. Some time since he tried a special jury case, in which a large sum was claimed by the plaintiff, for whom a junior counsel appeared alone, who apparently was unknown to Mr. Justice Bigham; the counsel was a man of considerable experience as a forensic as well as a public speaker, and was not given either to verbiage or prolixity. He began his speech to the jury to open the facts of a somewhat complicated case. When he had stated the names of the parties, the claim, and the cause of action to the jury, and before he had stated a single fact bearing on the issue to be tried, the Judge interposed by saying:—

"Is the plaintiff here?"

"Yes, my lord," said counsel.

"Then put him in the box, and let us hear what he has to say about the matter," said the Judge.

No Judge, not even Mr. Justice Bigham, would have ventured to have done this with a Leader. The counsel might have insisted upon his right to open the case fully to the jury, but with the paramount interest of the client in mind, counsel are always anxious to avoid openly defying a Judge who has to try their case. Another feature some men at the Bar do not appreciate about the learned Judge is his quiet and cutting satire. In the course of a case counsel may, either during questions or argument, use a loosely worded, or obscure or irrelevant sentence, as the greatest advocate will sometimes do. The Judge will interpose with: "Mr. ——, will you repeat that sentence, and be good enough to tell me what it means." If the man is highly strung and nervous, as even some members of the English Bar happen to be, there is great danger of him becoming disconcerted to such a degree as to be unable to properly deal with his case, to the injury not only of his client, but to his own professional prospects. Doubtless all is done with no intention to wound or to be unkind, because there is reason to believe that Mr. Justice Bigham is a really kind hearted man, but "Evil is wrought through want of thought, as well as want of heart." He cares for no man, and is no time-server. When Mr. Justice Mathew left the Commercial Court to take a Lord Justiceship of Appeal everyone recognised that the only man fitted to occupy his place was Bigham, and he has done the work more than well. He was never, while at the bar, afraid of the judges; his experience in commercial life gave him just the confidence which most young lawyers lack. At a very early period in his career he displayed his courage in a manner which took away the breath of both barristers and solicitors who witnessed the incident. Sir George Jessel (then Master of the Rolls) and his colleagues in the Court of Appeal had decided against young Bigham. The next case had already begun, when the young northern practitioner came back, apologised for interrupting the Court, but began to hurl at the Lords Justices a file of authorities to show that they were wrong and their decision without precedent. It was some five minutes before Jessel could stop the intrepid young counsel and announce that the case was settled and the Court must not be interrupted. But from that day Bigham was a favourite with solicitors.

In the first year of his practice Mr. Justice Bigham made seven guineas, in the second year seventy, in the third year £140, and in the fourth year £400. Soon after that he was making thousands. On the Northern Circuit he was the only man who could hold his own with the impetuous and imperious Charles Russell. He recognised that the only way to success was by hard work, and he chose to do his in the morning. In a moment of garrulous reminiscence he said:— "The way I did my work was this: I used to wake quite early in the morning, about four o'clock, and I would then begin my work and go on until eight. I then had breakfast, and got down to the Temple as a rule about half-past nine or ten o'clock. Then I worked until six, and after six I did nothing. I began my day early and worked hard. I did that for twenty-seven years."

The Judge is an ardent lover of the drama, and a regular first-nighter at the theatres. His clerk, who has served him many years, is the father of the two beautiful and talented actresses, Zena and Phyllis Dare. Mr. Justice Bigham is also happy in being the father of a talented son, Captain Clive Bigham, who, though a young man, has made his mark in the Army, in diplomacy, and in politics.

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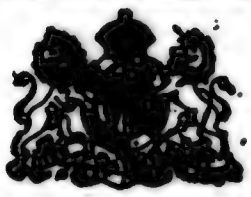

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BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

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THE

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED RUMOURS:—
That Lord Cowley is one of Father Vaughan's parishioners.
That Prince Henry of Orleans has been invited to join the Board of Messrs. G. F. Druce, Ltd.
That Lord Clanricarde is going over to Woodford for some shooting this season.
That Lord Howard de Walden is a shareholder in Messrs. G. F. Druce, Limited.
That the King of the Belgians will visit the Congo this autumn.
That the "Cowley" fathers are called after the present holder of that title.
That the *Mail* intends to issue "Bubbles" as a coloured supplement.
That they are suffering from too much Sunlight in Carmelite Street.
That the recent libel action will prove a good Lever for the *Mail's* circulation.
That Sunlight Soap will, in future, be wrapped in "fivers."
That the Premier's favourite book is a Colonial edition of "The Rejected Addresses."
That the Lords want more resolution.
That Colne is pronounced "Colney."
That in consequence of raised fares, the "Twopenny Tube" is suffering from tuberculosses.
That verdicts in accordance with "unwritten law" are unknown in this country.
That the Korean Emperor is anxious to end his Korea.
That the West Ham teachers *are* resigned.

The *Daily Mail* is going to bore St. Paul's. It will be a change.

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL:—
"Dear Sir,—Some time ago I (ab)used your soap, since when I shall (ab)use no other.—NORTHCLIFFE."

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE:—
A lyre, worn out and very cheap. Owner about to strike something new.—Apply *Daily Mail*, Carmelite Street.
Parrot, good talker, knows one sentence perfectly. Will exchange for any sort of title.—Address C.A.P., *Express* Offices.
Fine selection of stale jokes offered in return for seat in Parliament, or music-hall engagement.—Hunnable, Jarrow.
Valuable bareskin for disposal. Will take fig-leaves or anything in the "drapery" line in exchange.—Lady Godiva, Coventry.
A number of Unredeemed Pledges. Liberal terms. Makers forced to sacrifice them.—Apply "Sugar," House of Commons, Westminster.

BY PRIVATE WIRE (ROTTER'S AGENCY):—
Isaacs to Northcliffe: "Lever stuck, can't be moved. Send instructions."
Northcliffe to Isaacs: "Try palm oil."
Isaacs to Lever: "Please say what the harm'sworth."
Lever to Isaacs: "Fifty thou., abject apology, and costs."
Isaacs to Northcliffe: (Terms of last wire repeated.)
Northcliffe to Isaacs: "Grovel!"

"Success has turned many a man's head," says New York *Puck*. A pretty woman does it more quickly.

A debtor at Whitechapel County Court said he was a Russian, but he had changed his name to Robbin for trade purposes. Nothing like candour.

An aeroplane was put up for auction last week. Though it did not rise very high, it took a lot of knocking down—for ten pounds.

"It is intended by methods of barbarism to get rid of the House of Lords," said Lord Wemyss recently. No doubt the Peers will have a close shave.

The Lancashire Education Committee proposes to include goat culture in its experiments. Haven't they played the goat enough already?

Razors 4,000 years old have been discovered at Abydos, and it is no longer a mystery where some of the London shaving shops get their tools.

It is stated that shirt-making is paid at 1d. per hour. No wonder people "make a song" about it.

Exeter is shortly to have a fire brigade composed entirely of girls. There should be a good display of hose, especially when the escape is about.

The Health Commissioner at Washington says that kissing on the mouth is dangerous, but it is all right under the ear. We prefer it "under the rose."

Suggested motto for *Daily Mail*—"Leave 'er alone."

THE RULES OF CONTRARY:—
The toothache vanishes when in the dentist's waiting-room.
The twins arrive when the firm goes wrong.
Influenza appears a day before the ball.
A bilious attack arrives when uncle sends the ducks.
The best-marked pups die of distemper.
The barber cuts the bridegroom on the wedding morn.
When an aged relative's fortune seems near, someone recommends Livelong Pills.

We have been reading of an Earl's heir acting as stoker. Premature, but prophetic.

A horse at Tottenham swallowed some false teeth and died. The biter bit.

Mr. Lea attacked Sir J. Brown Smith in the House of Commons. But C.-B. explained that the new Knight was not a black Smith.

Mars is now only some thirty-five million miles distant. How many wish this applied to ma's-in-law.

In a compensation case, a witness said "that a sawyer was not considered a sawyer until he had lost two fingers." He is then a good hand.

According to the *British Weekly*, "there is some connection between polo and politics." Of course; it is necessary to win at the pol-o before entering Parliament.

Owing to the gay preparations for the pageant, strangers can hardly believe they have come to Bury-St.-Edmunds.

The author of "Nooks and Corners of Old England," considers Stilton sleepy. We suppose gorgonzola would be more lively.

"Paris strolls, London hurries, New York runs," says the New York *World*. We always thought *Paris* was fast.

"For what will the Oxford of to-day be chiefly famous?" asks *Isis*. Manners, *of course*.

An *Express* correspondent has worn a penny collar-stud for nine years and thinks it should have a place in the British Museum. We think *he* should have a place in the Zoo.

A Walthamstow teetotaller fell into a vat of beer last week, and was drowned. What a death!

Mrs. Ponderbury's Past.—A play with a future. The name should be changed, for Mrs. P. cannot be passed; she is too speedy. The part of the skeleton in the cupboard is well played.
The Liars.—A striking picture of society, true to life, the acting being especially natural. The hero is a journalist.
John Glayde's Honour.—A bridge problem. John is up to a trick or two, and has something up his sleeve. But hearts are trumps, he revokes, and the piece ends with a Grand Slam.
Patience.—Eminently virtuous, and somewhat trying. Rather old-fashioned, but should suit old maids. Strongly recommended to candidates for Old Age Pensions, and Home Rulers.

We see that H.M. battleship "Venerable" has sailed for Jaffa. We thought the Venerable hulk had gone to Jericho long ago.

THE TRAGEDY OF MAC.
M. de Yarno to *Echo de Paris*: "Kaid Maclean escaped. Raisuli asleep at the time.—YARNO."
Editor, *Echo de Paris*, to Yarno: "Waiting to write half a column. Where is Kaid?—*Echo*."
Yarno to *Echo de Paris*: "Fled into Sanctuary. Raisuli awake. Gnashing his teeth outside.—YARNO."
Editor, *Echo de Paris*, to Yarno: "Half-column written. London evening newspapers already eating it.—*Echo*."
Editor, *London Evening Swallow*, to *Echo de Paris*: "Your story Kaid Maclean shrieking on all contents bills and splashing in fat headlines. Any further news?—Editor, *Swallow*."
Foreign Office to British Minister, Tangier: "Reported here Maclean escaped into somebody's chapel. Is it true?—GREY."
British Minister, Tangier, to Grey: "Did you see it in *Punch*? Am wiring Kaid and Raisuli.—MINISTER."
Raisuli to British Minister, Tangier: "Go hon. Didst thou ever catch the weasel asleep?—RAISULI."
Kaid Maclean to British Minister: "Ye shouldna jowk wi' a puir bodie. Three o' the brigands sit on ma chest and anither three on ma heid nicht an' day. When wull ye be sending the bawbees?—MACLEAN."
Echo de Paris to *London Evening Swallow*: "Hope you'll share the ha'pennies you nobbled on my story. Correspondent Yarno now wires man who told him heard it from another fellow who invented it. Better luck next time.—*Echo*."
British Minister, Tangier, to Sir Edward Grey: "Raisuli and Maclean say 'Rats!' Bawbees anxiously awaited.—MINISTER."

(Negotiations still proceeding.)

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

"REGULAR READER" (Norwich) sends cuttings from two consecutive issues of the *Eastern Evening News*. On July 9th, it told of a "Lerwick Hotel Ablaze," and the "heroic services rendered" by various residents, whose names are given at length. On the 10th, it published a telegram from the proprietor of the hotel saying "nothing of the sort happened; only a slight gas leakage, which was instantly extinguished without doing any damage." Is the paper related to the London *Evening News*, we wonder.

H. J. P. (Uxbridge Road).—Sir Ralph Littler is past praying for.

"BETA" (Finsbury Square) thinks it is an age of shams because "many a smart dame who sips afternoon tea with the local aristocracy secretly envies those who are able to return home to a good square meal." Fancy that!

A. A. (St. John's Wood) thinks debtors "one of the most vicious and hateful types of criminal," and "the scum of the earth," who "ought to be treated with the utmost rigour of the law." We suppose A. A., like other rich people in his moral neighbourhood, considers poverty a crime and wishes that the poor all had one head, which he could cut off.

J. L. (Shepherd's Bush).—Thanks for kind promises and family correspondence. Hope your brother will have better luck soon and find us a pocketful of diamonds.

W. D. (Barnsbury Road).—Not difficult to work out, once you have the equivalents. See *Whitaker*, page 447, and use common sense or simple arithmetic.

C. P. (Wrexham) sends a cutting from the *Furniture Record*, which criticises some remarks of ours about old furniture. As C. P. points out, the cutting seems a rambling admission of our accuracy, and he compliments us on our knowledge of Chippendale.

A. B. (Kentish Town).—We have already commented adversely on Worthington's "mail order business" (The Anglo American Alliance, Broad Street House, E.C.).

F. G. V. (Addison Road North) was amused by Lord Northcliffe's description of Mars: "The brightest object in that region of the sky, in fact, nearly as bright as a street-lamp and almost as low." Marvellous!

"BANDARILLERO" (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—We take no interest in "Bernard Sure," and we do not propose to advertise him by attacks which would make people imagine that we took him seriously. Herbert Vivian has already set him at naught and reduced him to confusion. We gladly award a biscuit to O'Hanlon, of Jarrow "for saying that the Irish are always the best friends of Labour in the House," and then stating that "legislation has been and will be obstructed so long as the Irish do not get Home Rule." As you intended to say, it is like a Brummagem lucubration about Free Trade. Always glad to hear from old friends! Hasta la vista!

W. H. L. (West Hartlepool) writes:—"I have never tasted your biscuits, but should like to have one for the *Stockton and Darlington Times* man, who did a recent wedding in my family, writing of the bride's father as 'the late,' and then brought him up to give the bride away." Later on, he put the bridesmaids in the wrong family. He is really dangerous. Our verdict is: Muzzle him.

Biscuits are evidently in demand. W. J. A. (Brigg) wants one for this from the *Hull and Lincolnshire Times*:—"A tom-tit, or its descendants, have for the last 15 years made their nest in an ancient vase on the lawn of Chapel Farm. To get to their home the parent birds have to descend a narrow pipe about an inch in *circumference*."

"A BULLITE" (Hull).—"I hope no one will pull my bad leg." How will that do for your limbarick? Please remit £73 3s. 3d.

J. G. B. (Aberdeen).—Yes, a very pawky advertisement.

C. P. R. (Hornsey).—We laughed, but Jarrow will be forgotten before we could publish your jest.

G. G. H. (Slough), S. P. R. (Tottenham), J. D. J. (Wrexham), E. S. (Leeds), and many other new readers.—The more we hear of the Premium Tea Co. and the John D. Macdonald Co., the less we like them. We shall have to set up a standing paragraph, begging our friends to burn their circulars. Otherwise some one from Birmingham will say our incessant notices are a form of advertisement. Meanwhile, we congratulate ourselves on the fact that we hear of fewer victims.

W. S. (White Hart Hotel, E.C.) thinks we were silenced by an advertisement of P.O'T., but as W. S. is a vehement Protectionist we must not expect logic from him. Anyhow, we thank him for the genial compliments with which he gilds his pill.

W. B. R. (South Tottenham).—We cannot kill Lord Northcliffe with kindness, but he certainly deserves a biscuit for citing the insurance claim of a "woman cleaning a window whose leg was broken." Perhaps window should read widow.

E. S. (Leeds).—It is not always politic to enquire too closely into the morals of our guests. Besides, the King is a good fellow.

WHAT SCURF MEANS.

A signal of two different conditions of hair trouble either of which if neglected will lead to Baldness, Greyness, or Irritation of the Scalp.

Attention to details is one of the secrets of "getting on."

We must find out all about a certain subject and master the intricacies as well as its general principles, if we wish to succeed in it.

Everywhere the same maxim applies. Perfect Health can only be attained by careful attention to the laws that govern such a condition. We must learn what usages to adopt and what things to avoid.

If, for instance, you desire to grow a luxuriant head of hair, soft and glossy, beautiful in colour, or if you are fortunate enough to possess such hair as this, and wish to keep it in this condition, we must learn all about it, the disorders to which it is subject, and the treatment which it requires.

Strangely enough, many people, although admitting the necessity of paying attention to detail in every other subject under the sun, never seem struck with the idea that their hair requires equally considerate and skilled treatment.

They first neglect to heed its signals that it is in a weak and disordered condition, and then, when later on it begins to fall out or lose its colour, they are immensely surprised and wonder what is wrong.

Take the question of scurf, for instance. How many people understand that the presence of scurf is a mute token of the hair that all is not well with it, that it is a signal for assistance, which, if not heeded, will in all probability be followed by some more serious disorder, Baldness, Greyness, Irritation of the Scalp, or the like.

You brush your hair in the morning, and it is full of a dry powdered scurf.

Do you know what this signifies?

It means that your hair is not getting the lubrication it requires from nature, that the sebaceous glands which secrete the oil for this purpose are drying up and causing the hair to become brittle and inclined to fall out.

And fall out it will, unless you take steps to apply a proper remedy.

Or again, you find that your scalp and hair is matted with a sticky, greasy form of scurf. This is a signal for an entirely different condition of affairs—leading, however, to the same result, loss of Hair.

Something or other, most probably an irritating micro-organism, has excited the sebaceous glands, caused them to pour out their secretions in excess, and, moreover, poisoned and altered the character of the latter.

Consequently, the hair—damp, sticky, and clogged together—is rotting away, and will presently fall out also.

Here are two hair conditions which cannot be cured by the mere application of a "cure all," inasmuch as each case requires a different remedy.

We describe two only—but there are many others.

You will find the whole subject treated exhaustively in a book written by Mr. Warner Oliver, the hair consultant, of 4, Holles Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.

This book contains no advertisement of any specific restorative. It is purely a treatise on the hair—fully illustrated and written in a most interesting fashion.

If you are not satisfied with the present condition of your hair, this book will give you information of much value and interest. By writing to Mr. Warner Oliver, and mentioning JOHN BULL, you may obtain this book, free of all charge and obligation. You are under no obligation to "consult" Mr. Oliver Warner, or to incur any charge whatsoever. Simply write, stating how you are to be addressed, whether you are Rev., Mr., Mrs., or Miss, or titled, and the book will be sent to you to any address, post paid.—ADVT.

A. E. L. (Brighton) answered an advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph*: "Required, young Englishman or foreigner for general office work in West-end. Good wages given." In reply, he received a circular from Baronet's Employment Agency (63, Charlotte St., London, W.). The circular bears a Masonic sign and the cryptic legend: "Her taks Sausk og sycusk." It also invited 5s. as a subscription to the "agency," and a promise of commission on any engagement which may be secured. We advise A. E. L. to keep his money. Meanwhile, we should like to know what authority "Baronet" has for using Masonic emblems to extort the shillings of the unemployed.

"First Number" (Manchester) wants a horsewhip for the Salford Guardians for docking a poor old man's pension while he was in hospital. The result was that he and his wife were left with 28s. to keep them alive for three months when they were £2 in arrears with the rent. Of course, guardians have to do their duty by the ratepayers as well as by paupers, but that is no reason why we should not go on agitating for old-age pensions.

C. B. (Wolverhampton).—They do funny things at Birmingham.

"Beta" (Birmingham) is alarmed about Jim Crow strutting down the Strand with a girdle round his loins. If Jim tries that on, we will take it away. We don't like Brummagen humour.

J. B. (Bloomsbury) traces whiskey to the Tower of Babel. No wonder there was a confusion of tongues.

"Alfred Austin the VIth." (Croydon) is anxious about Mr. Crow's portrait, but it has already broken three cameras and seven printing-presses, not to mention any number of hearts. Our correspondent wants to know if he is a poet, and sends the following sample:—

"So just mark you this,
John Bull never miss,
And its charms upon you will grow.
Though don't believe all
The writings that fall,
From the pen of that writer, Jim Crow."

We won't.

C. E. A. (Hammersmith) and Surgeon W. B. (Plymouth).—All Lord Northcliffe's rags are apt to exaggerate.

H. H. (Surbiton Hill) calls us wicked and ridiculous liars for taking the side of the Swedes, and suggests our consulting Nansen. But Nansen is a Norwegian and a teetotaller.

J. D. J. (Wrexham) says he has, "like thousands more," been disappointed not to see Jim Crow's photograph "among the honoured ones." We did not know Jim was so popular. We fear he won't be after his picture has seen the light.

The Rev. C. H. R. (Baldock).—You are quite right in assuming that we are not "a religious journal." We are glad, however, that you appreciate us all the same, and think "there is nothing morbidly sentimental" about us. The literary agency you mention is quite respectable.

E. C. C. (Tilbury).—We will communicate your views to Mr. Vivian. Most of the complaints about his writings, however, are based upon his heterodoxy, rather than his orthodoxy.

W. C. (Acton Green).—Who shall decide when doctors differ? One man's drink, as well as meat, is another man's poison.

J. J. P. (Shefford).—We repeat that legal questions must be written on one side of the paper only, but we do not object to the name and address of the reader being on the back.

F. W. M. (Barnes).—Everything in this world is relative, and in that sense we do not consider the *Daily Express* a disreputable paper.

W. F. H. (London).—The paragraph to which you direct our attention assumes no responsibility, but simply states what the "claims" of the Dixon Institute are. Nor was such paragraph paid for.

H. M. (Cardiff).—We really do not know whether Boston has a longer street than State Street, Chicago, and are afraid we cannot spare the time to send over to take the measurements. You had better cry quits all round.

WHAT LOOKS WORSE THAN A BADLY CLEANED BOOT?

THIS POLISH WILL ASTONISH.

TRY Chelsea Polish FOR BOOTS AND SHOES.

TINS and BOTTLES.

BLACK OR BROWN.

3d., 6d., 1/-, and 2/- SIZES.

If your bootmaker or Grocer does not stock it, send 1d. stamp for free sample mentioning this paper, to CASWELL & Co., Ltd., Chelsea Works, Kettering.

M. J. D. (Hull).—We will keep a sharp look-out for any legislation having for its object the improvement of the present Burial Laws.

A. R. (Stanford-le-Hope).—Thanks for cutting, but hardly suitable for a biscuit. Have nothing to do with the British Ring Syndicate, Birmingham.

C. M. S. (Norwich).—You think that if we were all without sin there would be no indecency in nudity, and that it was not until after Adam and Eve had sinned that they "realised their nakedness." You do not, however, enlighten us as to how the world would have gone on if Adam and Eve's "sin" had never been discovered. By the way, do your initials stand for Church Missionary Society? If so, we understand your solicitude for clothing the naked.

Mc.C. (Liverpool) thinks it may occur to some group of capitalists to try and secure the copyright of John Bull. He says, "If so, for goodness sake refuse their offer. When papers change hands, they generally change everything else as well." McC. need not be anxious. Although it is said that every man has his price, there is an exception to every rule.

H. C. (Blackburn).—Your best way to obtain particulars of Civil Service examinations would be to write to the Clerk, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.

"Sulphur."—We know nothing of the "Employers' General Bureau," 96, High Holborn.

"Tom West" (Motherwell) asks us to kindly give him the address where he can "write for a few fireworks." We can give him a score—if he is prepared to pay for what he requires. We do not, however, know any firm that gives fireworks away. Possibly Macdonald and Co. would send him sixpenn'orth if he paid 6s. 11d. for one of their shoddy chains.

Mr. A. S. Brown, "Private Detective and Enquiry Agent," of 90, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, says if "Tyke," Sheffield, or anybody else wants a good detective, he is just the man for the job.

P. L. (Liverpool) has a position worth £250 a year, but thinks that with a capital of £700 he could make an additional £150 "without interfering with his present occupation." He wants to know where he can get the capital from. That is just where the difficulty comes in. P. L. had better stick to his present position and devote his spare time to pushing John Bull.

The Hon. Secretary of the Bishop of Exeter's Three-Spires Church Extension Scheme tells us that the members of the Executive Committee, including the Bishop, laughed heartily over our recent "Bull's-Eye" *re* the Bishop's confirmation service in Dartmoor Gaol. To have made a Bishop laugh is surely an achievement of which any paper may be proud.

"Solon" (Southampton).—We are tired of Premium Tea. If many more people write about it we shall desert tea for rum and insure our lives.

B. S. (Forest Gate).—We fear we do not quite understand your system. As all the horses in the Derby carry the same weight, how are you going to find the top weight? And what are we to do when several horses carry the same weight? If you are a philanthropist you will particularise.

R. D. (Richmond).—We have already discouraged Taylor's mouth lamps.

P. S. H. (Manchester) points out that the Great Central Railway still advertises a journey from London to Manchester in 3hrs. 55mins., whereas their fastest trains are scheduled at 4hrs. 15mins. Why are they so silly?

"Constant Reader" (Reigate).—We should have given him two years.

J. H. B. (Merton Park) addresses a stupid advertisement to our "chief butler," who has unfortunately gone away with his Epsom winnings.

E. C. R. (Brockley).—We quite agree, and wish we could come out every day. Later on perhaps we may.

J. A. K. (Putney).—We have already exposed John D. Macdonald Co. How dare you not read John Bull?

W. R. H. (Fallowfield).—Congratulations. Keep on fighting, and may the best man win.

"Reader Since No. 1."—We should be glad to help you if we could. Call and see us at the House of Commons one afternoon.

"Rex" (Wales).—The question of illegal possession fees is well worth pursuing. The poor have always been persecuted, but they are perhaps a little better off now than 100 years ago. Why send us that fly-blown phylactery of a Premium Tea circular?

M. M. (Carnarvon).—Glad you are a constant reader, but you must be a careless one if you still want information about the Premium Tea business.

M. L. (York).—We are glad to have been of some assistance.

Nurse P. (Reading) quotes a report that a "grave was lined with boys." We give it up.

C. O. (Bournemouth) shares the general opinion of the Poet Laureate, and sings:—

Oh! I'm the Poet Laureate,
Let all the nations glory at
My flowing language *and* exalted name.
The Press and Public flout me,
And say nasty things about me,
But I've got the job, that's half the blooming game!

Alfred will have to look to his laurels.

T. W. (Millbank).—We have read the cuttings with interest.

Hatton (Bristol).—You should receive the parcel on Saturday. Thanks for wire.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.
["*Larry Lynx*" *of* "*The People.*"]

Different Birthdays.

Australian thoroughbreds take their ages from August 1—ours from January 1.

"The" Plum.

Sandown's Produce Plate of £5,000 is the richest event of its kind during the racing season.

You Can Bet in Foreign Tongue.

It shows what competition is nowadays when bookmakers run to having a foreign interpreter in attendance.

Opposite Views.

It will only show what a difference in opinion experienced race-goers have, when some swear by certain horsemen, and others say "they are not jockeys at all."

Out of Form.

Ask Madden now whether he believes "being able to do nothing right" sticks to a man or a stable for weeks. Will Dinneford end it?

Following One's Luck.

Bookmakers, as well as backers, believe in "following their luck"—"playing it up" when winning, and "going light" when out of form. And from experience, I can endorse that "following your money" is a bad game.

Royal Support Increasing.

Nothing is more fascinating than racing; has it (as is to be hoped) ensnared the Prince of Wales, who goes pretty regularly to Newmarket and the big meetings now? Last week H.R.H. was at the July fixture throughout, and then unexpectedly patronised Sandown, too.

Can't Get Home There.

Sandown is not a lucky ground for W. Bullock, the Hibernian jockey, who certainly wins a lot of races in Ireland. The rider of Orby at Liverpool to-morrow has only made two visits to Esher, and each time got beaten a short head—on Hayden for the Esher Stakes in April, and last week on Rhodora for the rich Juvenile Stakes.

Different to Our Ways.

In the Colonies it is a regular thing for bookmakers to open their volumes upon all pending big handicaps—even before the stage of entry, much less acceptance. Naturally, long odds are laid, which very fact tempts many to speculate. It is due to the erstwhile Colonial fielders, Messrs. Joe Thompson and D. Marks, that the "playful double" was more generally introduced here.

The Truth, too!

An amusing tale is told concerning a certain popular owner who for the first time had purchased the somewhat new style of "Racing Guide: Form in a Nutshell." Looking through it, he came across one of his own horses, to which was added the note, "unlucky, but improving," which was thought correct. He then turned to another, which was characterised as "unfairly overweighted," at which he remarked, "This is a good book." Then he turned to see what was said about a certain prominent handicap performer which he owned, and when he found the note, "will win the first time *wanted*," he threw the volume away in disgust. But it doesn't say that the book did not speak truly after all—for subsequent events immediately proved the wisdom of the prophecy.

The Injured Jockey.

Arthur Birch was successfully removed on an ambulance in a motor omnibus from London to his home at Haywards Heath last week, being none the worse for his journey. He is able to sit up in bed, and will now assuredly make the fullest progress that Nature can allow, surrounded by his wife and little ones. Again I must exhort the very many who promised me donations, but have omitted to remit, to kindly do so. It is not policy—in view of a possible appeal—to allude yet to the case last week, in which Birch was sued by Raby, the bone-setter, who lost the verdict with costs. There is more in it than meets the eye, and—in my opinion—under all the circumstances, Birch was quite justified in the course he took.

Premature Entry.

The utter failure of the Eclipse Stakes (except as regards its close finish) for an event worth £10,000 further supports my contention that it is a fallacy to close races years in advance. Before the day three-quarters of the entry are dead, broken down, or proved worthless as racehorses, and some really moderate animal who happens to be on his legs—or to have improved—benefits, and gains honours to which he is a long way from being entitled to as the presumed best of his age. Were Lally, Sancy and Co. worth putting up such a stake for last week-end, and how far were both behind the crack three-year-olds of last season? Usually the best have been omitted from the entry. Saturday's Produce Plate of £5,000 materially supported the same idea, for the field was hardly worthy of the stake. If the entry had to be made very much nearer the day, owners with some knowledge of their equine possessions would nominate everything with the least chance, and gladly pay two or three times the fees. The present idea is false economy, for we get a long list of rotters, the lame and the halt, in "lieu" of all the best. We want the wheat not the chaff, whilst those always heavily charged individuals, the racehorse owners, would really be saving money by subscribing £50 to put one horse in, instead of £10 each for three or four without any chance.

Pedlar Palmer's Ideas of Finance.

It was a rare coincidence of fate that Alf Snelling should die the very week that his erstwhile protégé was punished for manslaughter. The sentence on the boxer has been universally approved, for these men—as usual with boxers—are ever too ready with their fists. And if at this lapse of time sympathy begins to favour the delinquent, we are too apt to forget the poor victim, and those who innocently suffer through his premature death. In this case it is a wife and several young children who were dependent, and are now penniless. Sentiment may not be sport, but who has a larger heart than the maligned "racing man"?

A very good and true story applies to the association of Snelling as the backer of Palmer in his halcyon days. The boxer then had a little money saved, with which Snelling opened a banking account for him. Keen on racing, the "box of tricks" kept drawing on the account until it was overdrawn, which fact Snelling pointed out. "Oh, no, I know it isn't," was Palmer's reply, "for (bringing out his cheque book) here are a good many still left."

The Stewards' Cup.

That such a common animal as Pieman—an ex-hurdler and a mere selling plater—should be the early favourite for next week's sprint evidences clearly the poverty of the class of our short distance handicap horses. Among much the usual lot, several horses have palpable chances—Master Hopson, Billidere, and the literally thrown in

WINNIE K.,

who must take all the beating that anything can give.

The Sportsman (July 8th, 1907) says:—

Mr. E. W. BETTS, Turf Accountant, 41, Charing Cross Road, is at the service of gentlemen wishing to do business through him. He has been established twelve years, and we do not know that there is any better guarantee of satisfactory treatment than the time test affords." All accounts, large and small, receive careful personal supervision. Write at once for full particulars and terms of business. Telephone No.: 9137, Gerrard.

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The joint photo bears each jockey's autograph and is a reproduction in fac-simile colours equal to hand-colouring.

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The writer of these notes is added.

POST FREE, 6d.,

From the Publisher, "John Bull,"
4, Red Lion Court, Fleet St., E.C.

Among a terribly poor lot, won't ROYAL DREAM nearly win the Goodwood Stakes?

To-day (Thursday) at Windsor, GALLINAGO will fight out the handicap with Chestnut, and on firm ground his proper form must be shown. At Newbury to-morrow the MURGIS colt will go close for the Empire Stakes, and HARESFIELD in the Netheravon Handicap. In Saturday's Newbury Cup, I think

HILL CLIMBER

must be supported, win and place, Precentor being the danger. Of course RHODORA will win her race. For Liverpool, reiteration of last week's vote for

LADY HASTY

EACH WAY in the Cup is all that need be given — with DINNEFORD to overcome. ORBY, I think, will fail to beat LINACRE.

The Man of the Moment.

Everybody racing knows Mr. W. Bagwell Purefoy, Lally's owner—a tall Irishman, in the 'forties, but looking younger—and, although a great ladies' man, unmarried. Twenty years ago, as a young officer, he began to run a few jumpers and to ride them himself, these small beginnings developing into the Druid's Lodge stable, becoming the 'cutest and most successful racing establishment in Great Britain. Who fails to recall the tremendous handicap *coups* with Uninsured, Ypsilanti, Hackler's Pride, and endless others, during the fairly recent days that first Bernard, and then Joe Dillon were being exploited as apprentice allowance-claiming jockeys. Most of Purefoy's *coups* have been in handicaps—for they bet heavily, buy good horses, and have unexampled patience. Some say they waited a year for certain successes. He manages Captain Forester's horses, and has as *fidus Achates* Mr. A. P. Cunliffe, who is as sturdy in build as Purefoy is slim. Their race-course appellation, therefore, is "the thick and the thin"—and, as far as knowing the ropes of racing, repute credits them both with being very "thick." For a season or two the luck of the light blue and black hoops and white and black seams seemed to wane, and Purefoy has become prominently associated with Geo. Edwardes in theatrical enterprises. Racing, I trow, has paid best. Lally, like nearly all the stock the stable now races, was bred at their Greenfields stud in Ireland; otherwise bought in the distressful country. Lally's Hunt Cup win was surprising, although not unexpected by those in the know—which included everyone who patronises Romano's, in the Strand. This, and, more particularly, the Eclipse Stakes success, was hardly in unison with the golden chestnuts being horribly beaten in May at Lingfield behind Bell Flower, and such platers at weight for age. But the Sandown victory was unquestionably popular, and with this £10,000 and a bet of seven "monkeys," it is Mr. Purefoy who now has the laugh of those who chipped him for refusing £20,000 for Lally—named after Lionel ("Lally") Monckton—before last year's Derby.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S.P.F. (Plymouth).—Have nothing to do with Edwin Jame's Coupon System.

"SHALL I MURDER OR DROWN?"

We have received several more letters from correspondents interested in the case of the ex-convict, Alfred Ware, one enclosing a postal order for 10s., and another for 1s.; a third offering work. Nearly all our correspondents suggest that Ware should emigrate to Canada, or some other part of Greater Britain, "where lands are broad and men are few." We regret to say that we are still without news of him.

MAY WE SEND YOU A FEW?

WE have printed some very artistic JOHN BULL postcards, a small supply of which we shall be pleased to forward to any reader upon application to the Publisher, 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

£50,000 guaranteed deposit at Bankers. A deposit of this amount is enough in itself to ensure the confidence of every sportsman, and the keen pleasure of racing is greatly augmented by a feeling of absolute security in your turf accountant.

Select one, therefore, who has a sound business of long standing. Take, for instance, Mr. D. M. Gant (member of Tattersall's), 25, Conduit Street, W., known throughout the length and breadth of the land as England's premier turf accountant.

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Every description of business undertaken. Advantageous terms post free on Application.
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MERIT SELLS MY HAIR GROWER.

I HAVE THOUSANDS OF GOOD FRIENDS throughout the world. They have never seen me, and I have never seen them; but their gratitude for recovery of their hair has taken practical shape in the recommendation of one "friend to another."

IN THIS MANNER, and not by costly extravagant advertising, my well-known Hair Grower has obtained a truly large sale. It does not profess, like so many widely advertised preparations, to be an infallible specific; yet, faithfully used according to directions, it will in many cases of long-standing Baldness, Hair Falling Out, Bald Patches, and Lack of Hair, bring back the hair in plentiful quantity, where hair recovery would seem to be hopeless.

THIS FAMOUS FORMULA has been endorsed by many noted analytical experts in England, France, Germany, and America. Letters that are continually received show that in a few days after the first application new hair begins to grow, and continues until a healthy, strong permanent growth is manifest.

MINE SUCCEEDS WHERE ALL OTHERS FAIL.

I DO NOT ASK YOU TO BELIEVE this statement merely because I state it, but invite your perusal of the following letters, promiscuously selected from the hundreds of similar recommendatory letters which are constantly reaching me from all parts of the world, testifying to the remarkable benefits which have resulted from the use of my TRUE HAIR GROWER. I have omitted to print the full name and address for obvious reasons, but they ARE ALL GENUINE and open to the fullest investigation, and every letter can be shown and perused at my London office. TO EVERY THINKING PERSON THIS UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY MUST CARRY CONVICTION.

SOME REMARKABLE LETTERS.

HEAD COVERED WITH BALD PATCHES.
Penylan, Nr. Ruabon.

DEAR SIR,—I am very pleased to say that your True Hair Grower has done excellent work. My head was covered with bald patches, and the doctor told me that the hair would never grow again, but with using your true hair grower, no one can see where the patches have been. I am doing my best to recommend it to my friends.
Yours truly, W.J.

CAME OUT IN COMBFULS.
Hertford.

DEAR SIR,—I am pleased to add my testimony to the value of your preparation. My wife was suffering for some time from a scurfy head and the hair came out in combfuls. All the remedies tried were of no avail, but seeing your advertisement decided to give your preparation a trial, and the effect has been marvellous. The hair has grown thick and strong with no falling off, and the scurf has completely disappeared.
Yours truly, A.B.

DONE WHAT OTHERS FAILED TO DO.
Ellington Road, Ramsgate.

DEAR SIR,—I am very pleased to tell you that your True Hair Grower has made my hair grow splendidly. It is the best, for it has done what other so-called hair restorers have failed to do.
Yours faithfully, E.H.

HAIR GROWN BEAUTIFULLY.
Broxburn, N.B.

DEAR SIR,—I had a spot on the side of my head which became quite bare. I tried various other hair preparations but with no result. I sent for a trial box of your pomade in a very sceptical mood. This box convinced me there was merit in your formula, and I sent for a larger box. Now I can gratefully tell you the hair has grown beautifully, and I will most gladly reply to any enquirers giving my experience of your True Hair Grower.
Yours very sincerely, R.S.

WAS COMPLETELY BALD.
Pring Street, Sydney.

DEAR SIR,—I lost my hair in the year 1878, and although I tried a good many preparations, yours is the only one that produced good results. I have used it for the past three months, and my head is now covered with hair. I have every faith in your wonderful hair grower, as I have proved it is good. Yours faithfully, J.D.

NOTHING ELSE DID GOOD.
Epsom Road, Guildford.

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry I have not written before to thank you for your preparation. I had tried everything but nothing did my hair any good until I got your True Hair Grower. I am telling all my friends about your compound, as I am only too pleased to have obtained success at last.
Yours faithfully, M.M.

HAIR NOW THICK AND CURLY.
Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

DEAR SIR,—It is but just, I think, to let you know how successful your hair grower has been in my case. After being in India for many years my hair became quite thin and lifeless. I tried all sorts of stuff, but nothing did it any good until I got your preparation. It has made a great change indeed, and my hair is now full and curly, and as thick as ever it was.
Yours faithfully, J.F.P.

QUITE SATISFIED.
Eccleshall, Sheffield.

DEAR SIR,—I am pleased to say that your True Hair Grower has done my hair more good than anything I have ever tried. I am quite satisfied as to the results of using it, and will gladly recommend to all my friends.
Yours truly, J.D.

HAIR FALLING FOR 3½ YEARS.
Lichfield, Staffs.

DEAR SIR,—I hardly know how to express my great thanks for the benefit I have received from your preparation. My hair had been falling out for three and a half years, and I had tried several other preparations but without the slightest sign of success. When first I saw your advertisement I put it down as a fake like the others, but I sent for a trial box and you can imagine my surprise and delight when after the sixth application I saw new hair appearing.—Wishing you every success, Gratefully yours, J.P.P.

HAIR RAPIDLY COMING OFF IN PATCHES.

Fulham.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter to hand of last week. Please accept my apology for not writing before. I have much pleasure in stating that your preparation for the hair has proved very successful in my case. My hair was coming off in patches, but after applying your pomade it soon began to grow again, so that now nothing can be seen of the bald places, therefore I shall have much pleasure in recommending it to my friends. If you care to use this as a testimonial you are quite at liberty to do so. Yours truly, F. C.

FIRST BOX MADE THE HAIR GROW QUITE THICK

Eastbourne.

DEAR SIR,—Just a line in answer to your note to let you know why I've delayed in sending for the second box. I am pleased to be able to state that the first box started the hair growing quite thick, so I thought it quite unnecessary to have any more, but have decided on second thoughts to have the rest of the treatment as agreed. I shall be very pleased to recommend your hair grower to anyone on any further occasion.—With best wishes for your business,
Yours truly, J. SIMPKIN.

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LARGE TRIAL BOX

My offer is a straightforward, honest proposition from a business man to sensible men and women. The merit of my True Hair Grower is in the preparation itself, and, so that you can make a fair test, if you will write to me I will send you a LARGE TRIAL BOX of the John Craven-Burleigh True Hair Grower for Six Stamps only. You will then soon be able to prove whether my statement that it does actually grow hair is true or not. I was bald; it cured me, and it has cured thousands of others. Package will be sent securely sealed in plain wrapper.

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